NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870. | VOLUME XVIII.—No. 17. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE SWEETEST FLOW'R OF ALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There were mignonettes in plenty,
There were roses white and red,
There were wreaths of beauty waiting
To adorn some fair one's head;
There were tube roses op'ning,
Pinks and tulips large and small,
But there blossomed there amid them
The sweetest flow'r of all!

I could not but admire,
As amid the noise and din,
Her fair young features mirrored
The joyous heart within.
And when the blue eyes sparkled
From behind the dainty stall,
I thought *her*, when I saw them,
The sweetest flow'r of all.

Ah, my darling little Mignon,
So joyous, blithe and gay,
I know you hide a fond heart
'Neath that pert, coquettish way.
Still I'll trust you, little blossom,
Till Death itself doth call,
And I'll deem my rosebud ever
The sweetest flow'r of all!

W. H. S.

THE PET OF THE PUBLIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SWEDISH MAIDEN," &C.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN OUT OF LUCK.

Two men were hiding behind a haystack.

One of them was a huge, gross, middle aged man, with a protuberant stomach, and a big, broad face, blotched and bloated with debauchery.

His still showy and slangy attire had been worn into a somewhat seedy and threadbare condition, and his pantaloons, instead of being allowed to drop over them, were thrust into a pair of very heavy boots which reached almost to the knees of their wearer.

This unprepossessing individual's name—we will not pledge ourselves that it was his true one—was Silas Sloper.

His companion was a young man barely five feet in height, and as thin as a lath. His gaunt and meagre face was without the slightest tinge of color, and formed a very remarkable and rather comical contrast with that countenance which we have just previously described. Indeed, altogether they were as odd and opposite a couple, in all physical respects, as it is possible to imagine. The little man's name was, with the same reservation as in the previous instance, Chowser Chizzlem. The character and profession of these two men we are about to hear from themselves. Silas Sloper was endeavoring to ease his long—he was very nearly six feet high—and huge mountain of a carcase, by straddling out his big boots and placing his broad back against the haystack, round one corner of which his small companion was cautiously peeping. And the little man's looks were directed to the door of a cottage about four hundred yards away.

"Well, ain't he gone yet?" inquired Silas Sloper, in a low tone, and with a very roupy voice.

"No, he ain't, I tell you," replied Chowser Chizzlem, whose organ of speech greatly resembled a defective penny trumpet.

"But are you quite sure? Keep your eyes well open, my child, and don't let him go away without your seeing him."

"How could he do that? ain't the place all open about here? I never did know such a fool as you are geeting lately."

Sloper dealt the little man a tremendous kick, which sent him flying beyond the shelter of the haystack.

"Where are you going to? come back!" cried Silas, in quite a fright, and dragging Chizzlem again into concealment. "If anybody has seen us I am ruined!"

"Well, then, you should keep those big boots of yours quiet," said Chowser, rubbing hard at the hurt place. "Times and circumstances is altered with us now, and I won't have any more of that fun."

"I must kick you, my child, just on purpose to remind me of them past times," said Sloper, sighing like a pavior.

"Yes, but I don't want any reminder of that sort. But them was glorious times though, when you was the proprietor of a respectable show, which very often we could flatter ourselves was the finest booth in the fair."

"Yes, and you was Mr. Merryman!"

"And you used to perform feats of strength, and was made known to the British public as the Hercules of the East—and you did come from the east, 'cause you was a native of Whitechapel."

"Ah," and Sloper sighed again, "them was times. When I used to stand on the steps, my noble figure displayed before admiring crowds, calling:—'Walk up, ladies and gentlemen; be in time, just agoing to begin—the most wonderful performance ever known——'"

"And all," cried Chowser, breaking in, "all for the small charge of twopence to the nobility and gentry, and one penny to working people and children."

"And then, Chowser, then I used to turn to you and say, in my dignified manner:—'Now, Mr. Merryman, we will commence. Is the apparatus prepared?' And I used to answer:—'Yes, great Hurcules of the East, the apples and taturs is all ready.' And then the enlightened British public used to laugh fit to bust themselves."

Here Silas Sloper dealt his little friend another kick.

"What's that for?" demanded Chowser.

"You were forgetting to look in the right direction."

"No, I wasn't."

"Then that man hasn't come out yet?"

No, he hasn't."

"Lucky we were here in time to see him go into the house, for if I had happened to run against him——"

"Do you know him then, governor?"

"Never saw him before, my dear child."

"Well, then——"

"I am sure by his appearance that he is either the parish doctor, or else the relieving officer."

"Well, what's that to us? If he is a doctor, we don't want any of his physic; and if he's the other thing, we should have to wait a good while before he'd relieve us."

"If he's a doctor, I don't mind; if he's a relieving officer, and at all liberal, I am a ruined man!"

"A liberal relieving officer," laughed Chizzlem. "I wish we had such a curiosity as that to exhibit to the British public—how everybody would flock to have a look at him."

"Keep your eye on the door, my child."

"Don't bother! But I want to know what's the meaning of your bringing me here to hide behind this haystack and stare at that door."

"I am about to take you into my confidence, my child. "It's quite a little *drammy* I"

"Go on, then, *guv'nor*, up with the *curting I*"

"You are aware, my child, that when you had ceased to attract as a clown——"

"The British public is so stupid they hadn't got sense to appreciate my talent."

"Ah, my child, that's always the cry of all disappointed *perfessionals*. Well, when you was used up as a Merryman, then I turned you into a man-fish."

"And didn't I do it well? Wasn't the talking fish the rage? and didn't I use to say papa and mamma to the British public, according to the sex they happened to be?"

"You certainly performed your part very well, but——"

"And it was no joke, I can tell you, to be sewed up in a tight skin, and to flounder about all day in a large tub of water!"

"But I was very good to you, my child," said Silas Sloper, "for when the weather was cold I used to let you have the water warm."

"Yes, and on one occasion you made it particularly hot for me—so hot that I was nearly scalded to death, and came out reg'larly *biled*, and as red all over as a lobster!"

"Come out? You jumped out, and ran about the booth swearing dreadfully."

"And frightened the British public out of their lives; how they did run and holler!"

"And then I was ruined. We had to fly to escape being killed by the ignorant people of the village——"

"Yes," said Chowser Chizzlem, "and the British public, amazed at the swindle, as they called our little innocent trick to get a living, tore down your booth, broke it all to pieces, rent the canvas, and threw us on the world, *boothless* wanderers!"

"Then we had to go *busking* about in public houses——"

"You recited serious pieces and the British public hooted you."

"And you, my child, sung comic songs and made them all miserable."

"And on one occasion a select company pelted us with with quart pots."

"But nobody ever shied any coppers at us, my child. And if A had not been a prudent man and saved a little from the wreck of my fortune, whatever would have become of us!"

"And what is to become of us now?" pathetically demanded Chowser.

"Wait a bit," responded Sloper, "I have a speculation in view by which I hope again to rise in the world; and I have brought you to this haystack because——"

"Because what?" interrupted Chowser. "What's the use of a haystack to me; I am not a horse!"

"No, my child, you are an animal of a somewhat inferior description; a quadruped somewhat resembling a horse, but with less intelligence and longer ears."

"What a roundabout way to call a fellow a donkey," said Chizzlem.

"You see that," said Sloper, pointing to a large and about half filled bag that was lying beside the stack.

"Haven't I asked you what you have brought it for?"

"Yes, and now I'll tell you——"

"Hush," interrupted Chowser, "the man is coming out of the cottage."

"Yes, there he goes," said Sloper, peeping cautiously, "and he is the doctor, I haven't got the least doubt about that."

"And now, guv'nor, what are you going to do?"

"First of all to wait till the doctor—I know that he's the doctor—has gone well away, and then walk into that cottage."

"And what to do there?"

"Wait till I come back; haven't got time to tell you now."

"I am to stay here then?"

"Yes. Do you see that doctor now?"

"No, because he is out of sight, lost in the bend of the road."

"And is there nobody else about?"

"Not a soul; and this is a fine open country about here, and, except this haystack, not a spot where a body might hide himself."

"That's all right, and now for it," said Sloper. "Give me that bag."

"But I should like to know——"

"Give me that bag, my child, or I shall give you the sack."

Chowser snatched up the bag.

"Gently, gently," said Silas, "there is something in it that will break."

Having thrown the bag over his shoulder, he dealt Mr. Merryman another tremendous kick, saying:—

"Take care of that, my child, till I come back again."

"Oh!" roared Chizzlem, "I wish, guv'nor, you would give over kicking."

"I can't, my child," said Sloper, in a melancholy tone of voice, "it reminds me of old times."

"Well, then, can't you wear a lighter pair of boots?"

CHAPTER II.

SILAS SLOPER'S METHOD OF RECRUITING HIS COMPANY.

The cottage which those two men had been so intently observing, and to whose interior we are now about to penetrate, stood in a very isolated situation, no other dwelling being within half a mile of it. In saying cottage we have given unmerited dignity to a habitation of the poorest and meanest description, and which could in fact lay no claim to be called anything beyond a mere hovel. And within that miserable apology for a dwelling had for some years lived, and now, at the moment that he is become known to us, was dying, a poor agricultural laborer named Andrew Rutley. Yes, dying, while yet a young man; for the poor fellow was barely five and thirty years of age. Tolerably educated and of far more than average intelligence was Andrew Rutley, whose boyhood had passed with every hope of a brighter manhood than had come to him. His father had been a farmer at a place quite thirty miles away from that in which we now find the son.

The elder Rutley had been a thriving, prosperous man till he became possessed with a mania for betting on horse racing, by which he finally brought himself to total ruin.

His farm gone from him, he grew reckless, and died, ere long, in absolute beggary.

Andrew Rutley was driven to work as a day laborer, but his pride would not endure that it should be amongst those who had known him in past prosperous days, and who had witnessed the downfall and degradation of his father. He came to the neighborhood in which we now find him; after a while married a buxom village maiden, who, about a month before the opening of our story, had died of a fever which had, for some time, been raging in that part of the country. Poor Andrew Rutley was left with two little girls—the only children that had been born to him. Lucy, the eldest of the two, was seven years of age, and is destined to become the heroine of our narrative. Her sister, Sophy, was five years old, and she too will play her part in our drama of real life. Immediately after his wife's death, and caused, no doubt, by his close and devoted attendance on her, Andrew was himself stricken with the same species of fever to which he had succumbed. A paid doctor and a hired nurse—for the pride which still clung to Rutley would not allow him to solicit parish aid, had reduced him to the most extreme poverty. But that he cared not for; his labor would soon remedy that and enable him properly to support his two motherless children. Himself, however, stricken and rendered totally helpless, sheer starvation ensued for himself and two little girls, the eldest of whom, for the youngest could be of no service whatever, had to do her best as her poor father's only nurse. His children existing on a few stale crusts of bread, himself groaning and often delirious with fever, without medicine or support of any kind; such, for days, had been the wretched lot of Andrew Rutley and his little ones. The parish doctor it really was whom those two mountebanks had seen. His visit, however, to that hut had not been intended, and he was passing on his way to a sick person about a mile farther on, when little Lucy Rutley happened, by the merest chance, to see him. She hurried forth, accosted him, and he entered the cottage. And but too well did he know that he had been summoned too late to save poor Andrew Rutley. Learning the miserable state of things, beholding the famished looks, the wildly staring eyes and the pinched features of the poor children, deeply was he afflicted, for, many and sad as had been the scenes of wretchedness of which he had been a compelled spectator, never before had he encountered aught so dire and horrible. When about to leave the cottage:—

"Keep up your heart, my little dear," the doctor said to Lucy, "and tell your sister that you will both of you soon have plenty to eat, and I will send a nurse——"

"Father won't die and leave us, like poor mother, will he, sir?" asked Lucy.

"No," said Sophy, "he'll soon be better, and go out and bring us home something to eat; a great big loaf of bread, won't he, sir?"

The doctor faltered forth a few words, he knew not rightly what they were, and went out, wiping his eyes, and with a sensation as if he were choking in his throat. And instead of proceeding on to the patient he had been about to visit, the doctor returned towards the village to which he belonged, and which was about a mile and a half from the hut he was leaving, as fast as his legs would carry him. And he was saying to himself:—

"That poor man will die before the day is out, perhaps even before the nurse and the physic I am going to send will have had time to reach him. And if I had but known sooner he might have been saved; it's really dreadful and won't bear thinking of! I have never felt so much cut up in all my life. To see those poor, dear children—famishing with hunger—horrible! And what pretty little creatures they are; the eldest is certainly the most lovely child I ever saw in my life—and so wonderfully precocious—poor little darlings!—nothing but the union for them; there must all their young days be past. Well, 'tis no use talking, but 'tis the most dreadful, the most harrowing case that ever came under my notice, and, heaven knows, a parish doctor sees many terrible cases in the course of his experience."

When the doctor had entered the cottage, conducted thither, as we have shown, by little Lucy, her father had said, with all the power of voice then left to him:—

"It's the man—it's the man—shut him out—shut him out!"

"Ah!—quite delirious," had thought the doctor.

But it was not so; and Andrew Rutley had said to the eldest of his two little daughters, repeating words which he had spoken to her many times during the last three or four days:—

"Lucy, that man has not been again, has he? If he should come any more, though even I should say yes, you must say no—say that you will not go, that you will not follow that man."

Lucy did not understand him in the least, had no idea of the meaning of those words.

But they possessed a terrible meaning.

Silas Sloper, passing that way a few days before, had, unobserved by them, seen Rutley's two little daughters come from the hut, to wander listlessly about a while, hand in hand.

Struck with little Lucy's exceeding loveliness, he said to himself:—

"If I had that girl she would set me on my legs again!"

Then running his eyes over the small, mean and coarsely thatched hovel:—

"Um," he thought; "not much better than a pigsty! Her parents must be poor as rats, and who knows but what they might be tempted to—at any rate, I'll try it on."

Without more ado he dashed open the door and bounced into the cottage.

Andrew Rutley turned towards the intruder his preternaturally brilliant eyes, and gazed on him wonderingly and inquiringly.

"What's the matter with you, my man?" asked Sloper. "Are you ill?"

A half stifled groan was the only reply to that.

And Silas Sloper, more closely examining the sick man, felt convinced that he was not likely to recover.

"Where's your wife?" inquired the showman.

"Dead, dead, poor Annie!" moaned Andrew.

"Good," thought Sloper, "the wife dead and the husband dying—then I am pretty sure of my game."

"Who are you? I do not know you," said the dying man.

"I am a friend, willing to do you a good turn, if you will let me," returned Sloper.

"A good turn," feebly repeated Andrew, and as if not clearly understanding.

"Yes. I needn't ask if you are poor, for I see the cupboard yonder is empty, and with every appearance of being used to it."

"Starving! starving! Oh, my poor children!" groaned Andrew.

"Well, look here, my good man, I have taken a fancy to the oldest of the two, and am very willing to take her off your hands—and," he slowly added, as if considering whether he was not acting too liberally, "well, yes, I'll give you a little money that you may feed the other one, and get a few comforts for yourself."

"You ask me to sell my little Lucy?"

"If that's the name of the oldest of them, Lucy is the one I want."

"Oh, begone, wretch; begone!"

"Don't stand in your own light, my good man. I am the proprietor of a traveling theaytur, and I'll make a star of your girl, and she'll make her fortune and ride in her carriage one of these days."

"Oh, wretch! ask a father to sell his own flesh and blood!"

"Look here," said Sloper, diving his hand into his pocket, and bringing out two or three sovereigns and some silver. "Look here, let your girl Lucy come along with me, and she will soon have plenty of this sort of stuff, and I'll leave this lot with you for yourself and your other young un."

He shook and jingled the coins together, and the dying man closed his eyes that he might not behold the offered bait, and strove to shut his ears that he might not hear sounds that drove him almost mad.

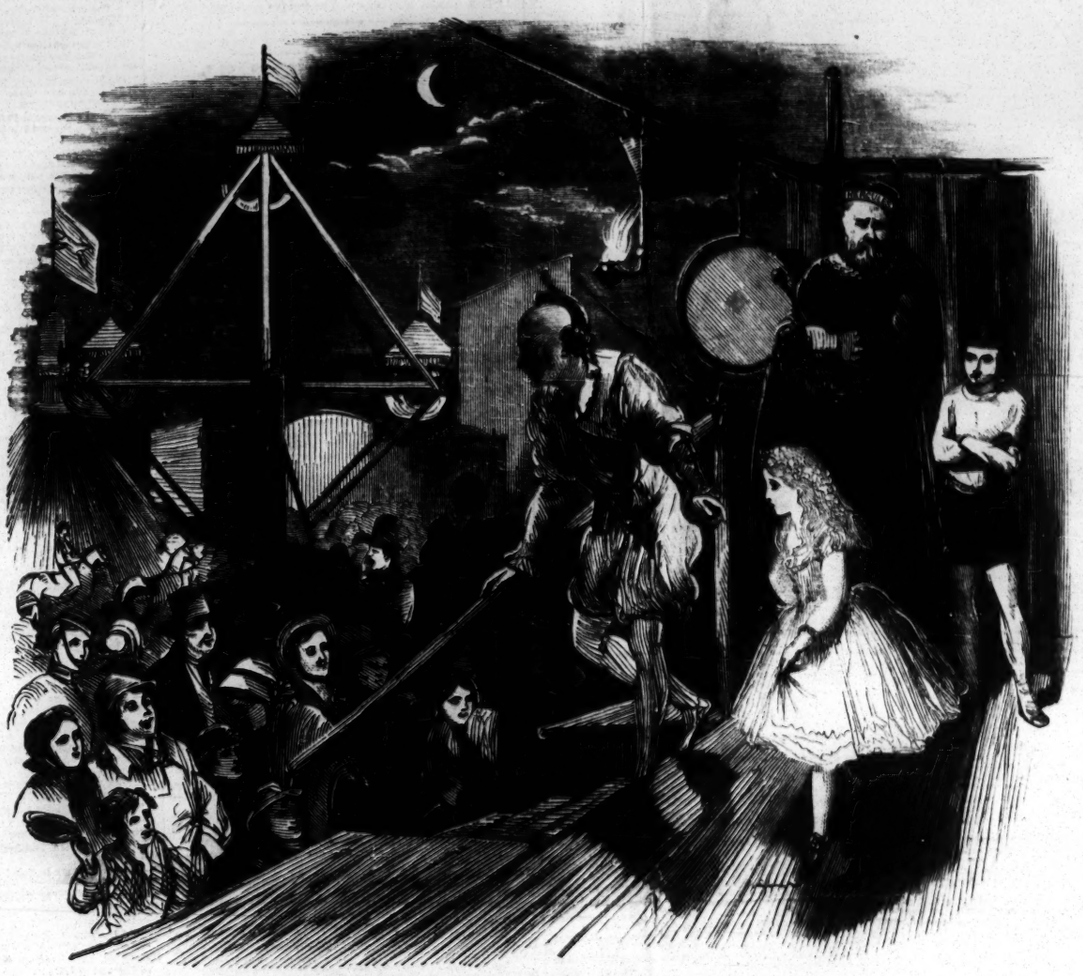
"Oh, horrible, devilish tempter!" he moaned. "Lucy, where are you? Come to me, Lucy, Lucy!"

"Well," quietly said the showman, returning the money to his pocket, "I will be here again in two or three days, and by that time perhaps you will have thought better of the matter. Good morning."

And as he walked away from the cottage Silas Sloper said to himself:—

"If nobody comes to help him in the meantime he'll tell a different story, I've a notion. But, however that may be, I have made up my mind to have that girl, and if he won't let me buy her, why I must steal her, that's all. It won't be the first time I have done that sort of thing. Such a pretty and interesting little thing as she is would be worth a mint of money to me."

And hour after hour throughout the days which had followed that of Sloper's appearance, Andrew Rutley had lain with his burning eyes fixed upon the door of his cottage, repeating again and again the words which little Lucy was all unable to comprehend, and which the doctor had mistaken for the ravings of delirium.



THE GREAT LITTLE STAR'S FIRST INTRODUCTION BY MR. MERRYMAN.

See Chapter III of our New Story—"The Pet of the Public."

When, after having seen the doctor safely off, Silas Sloper again entered the cottage, Andrew Rutley shrieked forth:—

"It is he!" and lay for some minutes perfectly motionless, and as if already bereft of that life which was to endure but a very brief while longer.

"I told you I should be here again," said Silas Sloper.

Then turning towards the scared children:—

"You are rather hungry, ain't you, my little dears," he said to them.

The two poor famished girls pressed eagerly towards him.

"Yes, indeed, good gentleman," faintly answered Lucy.

"Have you brought us a great big loaf of bread?" eagerly cried little Sophy.

"That was the parish doctor that was here a little while ago, wasn't it?" said Sloper.

"Yes, sir," answered Lucy.

"Ah, I was sure of it. And what did he say?"

"He is going to send poor father some physic, and something to eat for us, I think," replied Lucy.

"But I can't wait—I am so hungry," said Sophy.

"Very well, my dears, then you needn't wait at all, if that's it—just look here!"

Diving his hand into the bag that he had brought with him, Silas Sloper drew from it and placed upon the table, first, a loaf of bread, next a bottle of wine, and lastly a very savory-looking meat pie.

Beholding those tempting viands, the poor famished children, with an eager and delighted cry, ran towards the table.

"Gently, gently," said that horrible man, thrusting back the two little girls, "all these nice things are not yours yet. I have got something more to say first, my pretty little dears."

The children, mad with hunger, with difficulty forebore to spring upon the food, which already with their eyes they were devouring.

"Let's see, my angels, what another dip in the lucky bag will do for us," said Sloper.

Again diving his hand into the sack, he produced and spread out upon the foot of the bed a little rose colored silk dress, spangled with silver, green velvet boots and a wreath of artificial flowers.

And at sight of that finery, and for a moment forgetting even their hunger:—

"Oh, how beautiful," exclaimed the two children.

"Hush, my pretty little dears," softly said the showman; "don't make a noise or you will wake your father."

Then, pulling Lucy towards him:—

"Here, my angel, just let me put you on this pretty dress, so that your father, when he wakes, may see how beautiful you look."

Lucy, not at all reluctantly, submitted, and he dressed her.

Proud of her finery, and seeing how overpowered with admiration was her little sister, Lucy expected that her father would be equally charmed and delighted.

She hurried to his bed-side, shook his hand, and aroused him from that state of unconsciousness to all that was passing, into which he had fallen.

"Look, father, look," said Lucy, spreading out the spangled dress.

And Andrew Rutley, his eyes full of terror, and fixed upon the arch-tempter, exclaimed:—

"In heaven's name! why have you so dressed out and bedizened this poor child?"

"Just to show you what a little lady I can make of her," responded Sloper.

Then from his pocket he drew, and threw them one by one on to the patchwork quilt of Andrew Rutley's bed, a couple of half-crowns, two or three florins and a few shillings.

The dying man clutched at his little daughter, and drew her closer to him, and wept and moaned despairingly.

"He wants to take you from me, darling, but you won't go, Lucy, you won't go!"

"Oh, daddy, I am so hungry," cried poor little Sophy, no longer looking at or caring for the spangled dress.

"Yes, yes," said Silas Sloper; "don't be such a hard-hearted father as to deny your children food when it's standing there on the table ready for 'em. Come along, my dear, I'll leave all this for your little sister; I shall have plenty more for you; come along."

"No, no," cried Lucy, winding her little arms tightly round her father's neck; no, don't let the man take me away, father, I don't want to go—I want to stay with you, father—I won't have this pretty dress; I don't want it now."

Andrew Rutley, with a supreme effort, partly raised himself in the bed, and clutching at the counterpane, shook from it all the silver, which fell rattling and rolling along the bare floor.

"Take it back," he gasped; "take it back—my poor children are starving—Heaven will do with us as best shall seem to Him, but I will not sell my poor darlings! Keep close to me, Lucy—and, you, wretch—tempting devil!—go hence, go hence!"

He threw up his arms, there was a faint gurgling in his throat, and he fell back dead.

"He's past the power to interfere," said Silas Sloper, and turned towards the children, whose famished looks again were riveted on the food.

The children were unconscious that their father had ceased to breathe, and indeed neither of them rightly knew what death meant.

The showman stooped and picked up two or three of the coins that had fallen near to him, separated the loaf, and threw one half of it to little Sophy, as though he had been throwing a bone to a dog, and placed the other half and the pie and the bottle of wine back in his bag.

Both children immediately commenced to tear at and to devour the bread.

Silas, partly opening the cottage door, looked cautiously out and muttered:—

"All right!" and snatched up Lucy.

Both children commenced to scream and cry.

"Hold your noise," brutally said the showman, "or I will give you a topper that shall make you quiet."

Then, carrying Lucy under one arm, and the bag he had brought with him under the other, he hurried from the cottage, and back to Chowser Chizzlem and the haystack.

CHAPTER III.

THE LIFE OF A SHOWMAN.

"Make haste, Chowser, take these performing togs off the gal, and let her have these old ones again," said Sloper, bringing little Lucy's frock and boots from the bag, into which, before leaving the cottage, he had thrust them.

"What sort of game do you call this?" cried Chizzlem.

"Wait till we are safe away and I'll tell you—full particulars will shortly be announced, as we used to say in our bills of performance."

"Do let me go back to father and little Sophy," entreated the stolen child, piteously crying.

"Your father won't want you any more, and little Sophy will have to do without you," said Sloper, with a careless laugh.

As soon as the child was dressed again in her own clothes and the stage finery returned to the bag:—

"Now, we must hook it, Chowser, and you must carry the young 'un, for she has been starved out of all her strength."

"Why don't you feed her then?" demanded the manfish, who was not, by many degrees, so bad as Silas Sloper.

"She must wait till we are further away."

"Hallos! look there," cried Chizzlem, "there's a man and woman on the road there."

"And the man is carrying a basket. Yes, I know, they are going to the cottage and we must wait here till they have entered it."

"Oh, do let me go, please, do let me go," wept Lucy.

"Give over—stop your mouth with this," said Sloper, tearing off a piece of the pie crust and giving it to the child.

Then, for a few moments, Lucy forgot all else while devouring food that appeared to her the most delicious she had ever tasted.

Next, Silas gave the child about half a glass of wine.

"It'll give her a little strength and she will be able to walk after it."

"What a beautiful little creature she is," said Chizzlem.

"There they are gone in," cried Sloper, as the man and woman spoken of disappeared within the cottage.

And what a sight did they there behold! Little Sophy had climbed on to the bed and was lying fast asleep beside her dead father.

As the cottage door closed upon those who had just entered:—

"Now, come along," said the showman.

Away went the two men, dragging Lucy between them, the poor child made silent by the threats of her captors.

A few minutes and she was beyond sight of that home from which she had been so ruthlessly torn, and which, in all her life, she was never more to behold.

When they halted for the night:—

"Now we are all safe," said Silas, "and I think we have made a good day's work of it."

So saying, and to heighten his felicity, he dealt a tremendous kick to Mr. Merryman.

"There, you go with them big boots again," cried Chowser; "I suppose you wanted to remind yourself of old times again?"

"No, my dear child, it's for joy, because those old times are coming back to us."

Lucy was made by those men to bend and distort her little limbs, to dance, and afterwards to sing, for it was discovered that she had a charming voice.

The poor child, at first roughly treated and but poorly fed, was made to travel from village to village, and almost wholly by her talent and exertions a comfortable harvest was reaped by those strolling scamps.

Little Lucy was never allowed an opportunity of speaking with any one of the many persons with whom she was brought in contact, and Silas Sloper gave out always that she was his own daughter.

After awhile, so well had the rogue thriven, that Silas said to his companion:—

"With what I have made by this gal, and with what I had saved from the wreck of my fortune, I have bought old Nobbler's booth."

"What, old ground and lofty, as we used to call him," said Chizzlem.

"Yes, my child."

"But then, guv'nyr, you'll want more talent. You and me and the gal, clever as we all are, mayn't be enough, not numerous enough, you know, to attract the British public."

"I am about to strengthen my company, my child; wait till to-morrow."

And as Chizzlem received a kick with those words, he responded:—

"I shouldn't have complained if you had kept me waiting a year for that."

On the following morning Silas Sloper went away, leaving his man-fish to guard Lucy, and did not return until late at night.

And when he did return he had with him a well dressed boy of about nine years of age.

A bright, intelligent looking lad he was, but with a somewhat sad and dejected appearance.

"What are you going to do with me," asked the boy.

"You'll find that out soon enough," returned the showman. "To begin with, now you have come to us, you must forget your old name, for I am going to give you a new one."

"A new name!"

"Yes—let's see—what shall it be? What shall we christen him, Chowser?"

"We called the last chap Twister, you know."

"Yes, that'll do. "Do you hear, young fellow, you are Twister. And now, take off them clothes."

"What do you mean?" asked the lad, whom, for the present, we shall call only by the name given him by Sloper.

"I mean that they are too good, them togs, for the work you will have to do, so off with 'em, and put on these old uns as was worn by your predecessor in the same line of business."

"What business?"

"Property it ain't a business, it's a perfession. The fact is, my boy, I am going to make you a tumbler and posterer, and all that sort of thing."

"A tumbler! Me?"

"Yes, and mind you don't tumble down and break your leg, as one of the chaps afore you did," grinned Chizzlem.

"It will be your fault, Twister," said Silas Sloper, "if you don't grow up to be just such another respectable showman as I am. And now, hold your tongue; prepare to obey in everything and to ask no questions. And however you may wish to get away from me, I'd advise you not to try it on."

"No, don't, Twister," cried Chizzlem; "look at those big boots and be warned in time."

"And here is a specimen of the execution I can do with them," said Sloper, dealing his Merryman a tremendous kick.

The boy resigned himself quietly to his fate, and to a painful and laborious course of training, and the many kicks and buffets bestowed upon him he received without remonstrance or complaint.

The boy and little Lucy soon became greatly attached, and were like brother and sister to each other.

Never at any one time allowed to be long together, it was only by bits and scraps that each was enabled to relate their history to the other.

Silas Sloper's booth was at all provincial fairs, and he was again the "Great Hercules of the East," and again was Chowser Chizzlem, as Mr. Merryman, exciting the risible faculties of the British public.

Twister and Lucy were made to dance outside, on the parade, and to stand one on each shoulder of Silas Sloper, who, with false calves, a pair of drawers made of tiger skin, and his boots furred with rabbit skin, was introduced by Chowser to the gaping mob as the most renowned and known by everybody, Hercules of the East.

"Walk up, be in time—the strongest man that never was and never will be."

One evening, and when the last of that day's many performances was about to commence, Twister sought, and was able to find an opportunity to be alone with Lucy, and he whispered to her:—

"That wretch Sloper has had one of his very successful days, and after we have finished to-night he and his friend Chizzlem will be sure to swill till they are stupidly, helplessly drunk."

"Yes," said Lucy, "that they are sure to be."

"Very well, then, hold yourself in readiness, for I have made up my mind that to-night we will escape."

"Oh, if we only could!"

"I tell you we will."

Twister, to forward the purpose on which from the very first he had determined, pretended soon to become quite enamored of a showman's life, and had succeeded in imposing upon both the master of the show and his Merryman.

Mistrustful at first, they laid traps for the lad, apparently leaving the way open for his easy escape, when in reality he would have been recaptured before he had gone half a dozen yards.

But the boy, in that matter, was rather more cunning than were they, and was not so to be caught. Besides, if even his escape had been as easy as it was made to appear, he would not have availed himself of it unless Lucy could have fled with him. And it had been part of his plan, and he had had with little Lucy an understanding to that effect, to snub and speak harshly and to appear jealous of the applause which constantly was showered upon her. Both men were completely imposed upon, and were of opinion, to use their own words:—

"That Twister took to the booth business so kindly that anybody would think his father and mother had been perfessionals, and that he himself had been brought up to it from a kid."

They even at times reproved him for his seeming roughness to and jealousy of little Lucy, telling him that:—

"Instead of being spiteful to the gal, 'cause she's more clever than you, you must work hard and try to cut her out. You'll never do that though, for she's such a prodigy as you don't often meet in the perfession."

The consequence of all that was that Twister was very little looked after and had almost entire liberty of action, while Lucy, who was the real treasure of the establishment, was strictly and unceasingly watched and guarded.

Sent into the booth to commence the last performance for the last night, an opportunity was afforded those two young people to exchange a few words together.

While Hercules and Mr. Merryman, both of whom had hours before become quite hoarse with bawling—while those two lingered on the parade to deliver a final harrangue, and so endeavor to persuade a few more of the British public to "walk up," and to "be in time," the two intending runaways were whispering together as follows:—

"Before we go," said the boy, "I mean to set fire to the booth; I can do it easily when they are drunk and asleep."

"No, no," responded Lucy, "you must not do that; it would be wicked."

"Well, and what are they?—and what has been their treatment to us?"

"But you might burn them to death."

"Nonsense!—the canvas will only make a blaze, and they won't be even scorched. It's a pity such wretches should get off so easily.

"Then what is the use of setting fire to the booth?"

"Why that, in the noise and confusion it will occasion, we may be for a few moments forgotten, and so have time to get clear away. If the whole concern should get burnt down—though there is no chance of that, I am afraid—the fire wouldn't touch you, you know."

Lucy slept in what Silas Sloper termed his "living carriage," which stood a little apart from the booth, and which a couple of men could in an instant wheel still farther away.

"But how am I to get out of the carriage?" asked Lucy, "for you know they always lock me in."

"Don't you remember that awhile ago the key was lost?"

"Yes, soon after they had let me out one morning. But before the day was over they had obtained another key which answered just as well."

"Here, hide this away, quick," said Twister, giving a key to little Lucy.

"What key is this?" she asked.

"The one that was lost; I found it; that is, I contrived to steal it. Don't you see when they have locked you in with one key, all you will have to do will be to let yourself out with the other."

"And will you come to me?"

"No. You remember that cluster of beautiful trees which we both so admired when we were coming to this place?"

"Yes, a little less than half a mile off."

"Very well; then, immediately you are locked up for the night, as they will suppose, take off your stage dress, put on your other clothes and let yourself out again. Lock the door after you, because Sloper sometimes goes to try it before settling for the night——"

"And I am to go to those trees?"

"Yes, and wait there for me, for I shall be sure to come to you. And be careful that you are not seen by a single soul."

"You won't be any longer than you can help?"

"Trust me for that. But you know they keep me with them and I shall have to bide my time."

"But, don't, Twister, pray don't set the booth on fire."

"Won't I though?"

"Now, then, positively going to begin," shouted Sloper.

"The last time to-night," bawled Chizzlem.

"The last time, and the last night, too, you will find, you villainous scoundrels," Twister muttered to himself, as the men descended to the interior of the booth.

The performance commenced, and Lucy, as usual, delighted the audience, and was overwhelmed with applause.

"Now, go round, Miss," said Chowser, "and see if the British public is inclined to reward you for your exertions, and I hope, Miss, that your endeavors to please may be crowned with success. That's a noble sentiment," he added, pointedly addressing one of the audience, "and I should have no objection to wash it down at your expense."

Lucy walked round, extending a small tambourine, and Silas Sloper, now so hoarse that it was as much as he could do to make himself heard at all, said:—

"All that my daughter receives from you now, ladies and gentlemen, the dear child is allowed to keep for herself, and so I venture to hope that you will be liberal."

Coppers fell fast into the tambourine.

"What a beautiful little girl!" said one woman to another; "who would believe she was that great, ugly, old man's daughter."

"Perhaps she aint," replied the other woman; "they always call 'em their children whether they are or not."

"Well, it's a great shame to see the poor girl in such a place as this. I shouldn't like a child of mine to be brought up to such a life; I quite feel for her, poor little thing."

"Oh, bless you, they are all proud of it, and they wouldn't live in any other way if they had the chance."

"This poor child doesn't seem to me to be very proud of her way of life, nor to be particularly happy over it neither."

Silas Sloper kept his eye on Lucy and the tambourine, and the performance over, and before the whole of the audience had quitted the booth, said:—

"Bring that money here," and scraped it from the tambourine and dropped it into his pocket.

"It isn't so very much, but my expenses is heavy, and every little helps."

And indeed those collections made at every performance for the pretended benefit of the child, but of which she had never touched a single penny, made a very pretty little addition to the sums legitimately taken at the doors.

"Now then we'll have some supper," said Silas Sloper, and Mr. Merryman placed a property table—

that is to say a table which was brought into use in the course of each performance—in the centre of the booth, and spread on it some very substantial fare.

Sloper gave to Lucy a hunk of bread and a good slice of meat.

"There, eat that for the present, my angel of light. Chowser has gone to get us some beer, and when you are thirsty as well as hungry you won't be afraid to eat and drink, my gal, while you can get it; you must keep your strength up, you know."

If the strength of the poor girl, who was the star of his company, should fail the British public would cease to visit Mr. Sloper's show, and that certainly had secured for Lucy the means of good wholesome food and a comfortable bed to lie on.

Equally well-off with the young girl, Twister had of necessity to sleep more roughly, but even in that respect he had been nearly as well off as even the proprietor of the show himself.

Often had Sloper said to his friend and confidant, Mr. Merryman—

"Of all the young ones I have had with me in my time none can 'em could say that I didn't grub 'em well. It's good policy, Chowser, to give 'em plenty of wittels; it improves their looks and makes 'em more lively in their performance, and people say:—'The proprietor of that booth must be a good, kind man and behaves like a father to them children.'"

"And if they looked half starved," would break in Chizzlem, "every one would call you a brute, and nobody would come to see the show. My eye, ain't it easy to humbug the British public?"

Then both would laugh, and Chowser receive another taste of the big boots.

On this particular night neither the boy nor the girl, and it is not to be wondered at, had any great appetite for their food, but they compelled themselves to eat, because the showman would think it strange if they did not, and because, having so long kept their strength up to oblige Silas Sloper, it was now necessary that they should maintain it on their own account.

All were seated on the benches so lately occupied by some of the British public, and Lucy and Twister far apart, and neither looking towards, nor exchanging a single look with each other.

Sloper nudged the man fish and pointed slowly towards them.

"Just as usual," he whispered; "that chap won't go near her; he is the most envious and jealous fellow I ever knew in all my life!"

Then, raising his voice, he said:—

"Well, my girl, you have done your supper, or do you want any more?"

"No—no more, thank you," replied Lucy.

"Then be off to bed, my gal, and get up betimes in the morning to learn that new song, and then we must get up a fresh dance for you."

"Yes, that's it, we must keep going—the British public requires novelty," said Chowser Chizzlem.

Silas Sloper himself accompanied Lucy to the sleeping carriage, saw her in it, locked the door upon her and put the key safely away in his pocket.

"I don't think she's likely to try to get away," the showman said to himself, "for she wouldn't know where to go to. But I don't mean to give her a chance to hook it, for if she was to cut her stick I should be a ruined man—and that would make the twenty-first time since I have been in the showman line!"

Returned to the booth:—

"Now, young fellow, you may as well turn in," Silas said to the young lad, "and to-morrow you must have a little tumbling practice with Chizzlem."

Twister having rousted out an old mattress from a corner of the booth, and, throwing himself upon it, was presently, as he caused those two men to believe, sound asleep.

"Now, my child," said Sloper, giving a small key to Chizzlem, "produce the lush."

Chowser unlocked a chest and brought from it bottles containing gin and rum.

"After a hard day's work," remarked Chowser, "a man requires a bit of jollification."

"I know I do," returned Sloper, and kicked Mr. Merryman, causing him very nearly to drop the bottle.

"But, look here, guv'nor," cried Chizzlem, "I'd rather you wouldn't enjoy yourself in that sort of way."

After about an hour and a half's hard drinking, those two men, completely tipsy, agreed with each other that it was time to go to bed.

They rose, not without difficulty, from the table and staggered away, each to his own couch.

And each man had a small bedstead on which to sleep, and which, standing at the further end of the booth, were kept concealed from the British public by an old curtain that was stretched across before them.

And behind that curtain, during each performance, Lucy had always to remain until the master of the show, with great flourish, announced her to the audience, and drew her forth to sing and dance.

Each now, flopping heavily on to his bed, had scarcely reached it ere he sunk into his drunken sleep.

Twister knew, by much previous experience that they were sound enough, and was delighting himself with the thought of their being roused from sleep to find the booth burning, and to discover, when too late to overtake them, that their two young victims had escaped.

But that which he was about to do was to have a result very different from any that he had been anticipating.

Rising from his mattress, and proceeding very quietly, Twister unhooked the naptha lamp that was left to burn through every night, and proceeded to a spot where a rent in the side of the booth had been patched with a piece of old and sun dried canvas, and which he thought it would be very easy to ignite.

But when about to apply the light his courage failed him, and he resolved to leave undone the work he had been contemplating.

Trembling violently, and hesitating whether to extinguish or to restore the light to its proper place, he stumbled against one of the pegs which helped to secure the canvas roof, and the lamp slipped from his hand and fell to the floor.

The top of the lamp escaped, the naptha was spilt, caught fire, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, had reached the canvas in several places and the entire booth was one sheet of flame.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BILLIARDS.

CONFIRMATION OF THE DEATH OF PIERRE CARME.

Advices from the south would seem to confirm the reports published last week, of the death in Mexico, by assassination, of Pierre Carme. He was dragged from a *diligence* while traveling, and murdered for his valuables. Carme, who was an extremely graceful player, came to the United States in the spring of 1868. He came here a perfect stranger, but in a short time procured an introduction to Michael Phelan, under whose auspices he was recorded every opportunity to display his skill in public. At first he gave exhibitions in this and other prominent cities, being cheerfully assisted by the leading professionals of the country. Thus he acquired a popularity as wide as it was deserved. In the fall, and after he had abandoned his exhibitions, he played Dudley Kavanagh at the three ball game, 300 points up. This was the first of a series of three games, each for $1,000 up, and Carme won it by 26. The second game (1,800 points, push-shots barred) was played a month later and resulted in Carme's defeat by 161 points. This was the celebrated "misene game," which for some time was a prolific theme in metropolitan billiard circles. It has since been explained why Carme made those disastrous misses at the most critical stage of the game. Unknown to him, and many of his friends also, he was opponing a cue-leather was "doctored" while he was sitting down awaiting his turn to play. This being a new dodge, it was never suspected by Carme's adherents, who accused him of carelessness. The third game of the series was not played, Carme declining to practice for it, and thus compelling forfeiture. After having somewhat unsuccessfully conducted, at different times, two large billiard-rooms in this city, Carme removed to Chicago, where he opened a room, and did well. Shortly after his arrival he played Joseph Vermeulen, afterwards if not then champion of Illinois, a game of 1,500 points, for $250 a side. Vermeulen, who received the odds of 300, was beaten by 355. Subsequently Rudolphe opened a room in Chicago, and ever after that player's adherents and Carme were by-words as well as business rivals. They played two games which, for a reason, most readers of the CLIPPER will call to mind, but which we do not at this time care to specify, were never recorded. Rudolphe won both. About nine months ago Rudolphe disposed of his business in Chicago, and repaired to New Orleans, where he joined in the management of the St. Charles Billiard Room. While there he played two three-ball games, each for $250 a side, with Henry Miller, of the same city. Miller won the first game, and Carme the second. The latter gave in each the odds of 150 in 500, and the game he won was signalized by the largest run ever made in a public contest for money at the three-ball game. These games comprise all of Carme's public contests for a stake. Out of five he won three; and in four other games he paid forfeit. About the first of June he left New Orleans for Mexico on a professional tour, and in that land of the spy and brigand, where no man's life is safe who is known to start on a journey with valuables on his person, he met an untimely and cruel death. "Poor Carme!" is the mournful utterance of all who knew him.

BURGESS.—Philip Tieman, the rheumatic yet jovial, has gone to the springs of St. Louis, Mich., for health's sake. ..... Mel. Fowler is at the Sheldon Springs, Vt. ..... Edward J. Plunkett, the Pennsylvania champion, is running the billiard room at Congress Hall, Cape May, N. J. .... Harry Hoyer, also of Philadelphia, is at the Stockton Hotel, Saratoga watering place ..... In fact-of-hour, last week, Joseph Dion made runs of 60 and 90 ..... Alexander Samuels and J. Levine played their return game for a "basket" at Capt. Boyle's, on the 21st, Samuels again winning a game of 50 points, French caroms ..... Philip Tieman is coming on here late in August ..... Ex-Governor Hawley, Mayor Chapman and other prominent gentlemen of Hartford, have invited the brothers Dion to give an exhibition in that city. The Dions have consented, and will play there on the 1st prox.

THE DIAMOND CHAMPIONSHIP.—According to agreement entered into between them on or about June 25, A. P. Rudolphe and Joseph Dion are to play their pending match for the championship and the diamond cue in September next, thus briefly deferring an important event in deference to "the heated term." The allegation that Rudolphe is not to be allowed to again compete for the cue is therefore baseless, and the assertion that any attempts will be made to deter him is purely gratuitous. As, however, trouble seems inseparable from contests in which Rudolphe is a participant, it is as well to say that the ire invariably roundly abused for manifestations indulged in by a totally different class, an effort will be made to have this game take place in private.

CHARLEY WILLIAMS stands prepared to make a match for $100 a side, to play a game of 500 points, carroms, on a fair nine hole bagatelle table, allowing 50 points start—home and home match. Anybody wishing to get on can do so by showing up at Kings, 343 West Forty-first street, New York.

CONTEST FOR A PURSE IN HOLYOKE, MASS.—On the 19th inst. Joseph Dion and M. H. Hewins, played before a select party of gentlemen for a purse of $50; Dion giving the odds of 400 in 3,000. Harris was beaten 426 points, exclusive of the odds. Dion's average was 16¾.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

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Single Copy	10 cents
Subscription per annum	$3 00
Subscription, Half-Year	1 50
Subscription, Quarter	75
To Retail Agents	25 per cent.

To Clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscriptions in Canada and other British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Office of CLIPPER and Branch Offices,
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NOTICE.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 5 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

C. E. COLLINS.—The performance of Ben Jonson's comedy, "Every Man in His Humor," took place at Miss Kelley's, now the Royalty Theatre, on Saturday evening, September 29th, 1845. The cast, which is a complete literary curiosity, was as follows:—Kitely, Mr. Forster; Knowell, Mr. Mayhew; Captain Bobadil, Mr. Clarke; Dickens; Brainworm, Mr. Mark Lemon; Edward Knowell, Mr. Fred. Dickens; Downright, Mr. D. Costello; Master Stephen, Mr. Douglas Jerrold; Master Matthew, Mr. Leech; Thomas Cash, Mr. A. Dickens; Oliver Cob, Mr. Leigh; Justice Clement, Mr. Frank Stone; (Roger Formal, Mr. Evans; William, Mr. A'Beckett; James, Mr. W. Jerrold, and Dame Kitely, Miss Fortescue. The representatives of Mrs. Bridget and Tib are not known. The criticisms at the time said that Mr. Forster's rendering of the feelings of the suspicious husband were evidently the result of a profound conception and acute discernment. Bobadil was played with admirable spirit by Mr. Dickens. His assumed the swagger of the "Parlo mar" with at an ease that belonged to a stage veteran rather than to an amateur. The perfect change he brought over the whole manner and bearing of the character after the beating, the substitution of a sneaking pitiful-looking wretch for a gallant fleering boaster was a masterly transformation. He was excellently supported by Mr. Leech, as the empty, frivolous and foppish Master Matthew. Mr. Jerrold's Master Stephen was a fine study, the conception of the by-play was perfect. Brainworm found a most adequate representative in Mr. Lemon, who, in the disguise of the soldier, assumed an aspect of quiet distress and humility that made us forget that Brainworm only puts on the garb for the nonce, and he came really pathetic. To sum up all, never was a play rendered more truly interesting than this comedy was by the gentlemen who sustained it. It was followed by one of the versions of Fazee Minuit, called "A Good Night's Rest," excellently played by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Lemon. The success of the performance created the greatest interest, and the gentlemen were prevailed on to give a second representation for the benefit of the Sanatorium, which was attended by Prince Albert and a brilliant assemblage of fashionable and literary world.

PYCHEE, Quincy, Ill.—No matter how many runs may be scored, unless from bases made by clean hits, the pitcher is not in fault. It has been a regular custom of charging to poor pitching the faults of the fielders for proper support to the pitcher, and the fifth has never been punished by the batsman if chances are offered for outs off his pitching and are not taken. For instance, suppose the first striker hits a high ball to right field, and the outfielder either judges it badly or fails to get there in a chance mind. Suppose that the second striker hits an easy ball to short field, and he throws it badly to second to put the man out running to second: here are two chances for outs lost. And suppose, too, that the third striker is missed on four foul tips, and the fourth a wild throw, and the fifth makes a home run: the result in this case is a score of five runs, with none out; whereas, by proper fielding support to the pitcher, the first three strikers would have been outs, and not a run scored; instead of which, five runs are scored, with no man out. Now in this case, not only is the pitcher responsible at all, but not a single run is earned. Also, if three bases have been afforded after hitting and retire the batting side for a blank score, it makes no matter how many good hits, with bases earned there may be, the record still stands of no runs earned.

W. G. B., Reach, Canada.—The race being heats, best two in three, it was not decided, according to your statement, on the fourth heat, for Brown Dick and Maid of the West had each won a heat and made a dead heat, and Jenny Lind had won one heat. We cannot understand why the Maid of the West was withdrawn after the fourth heat and before the race was finished; her doing so leaves Brown Dick the winner. But another correspondent, W. S., gives a different statement, for he says Maid of the West as he calls her), won the first and third heats, and consequently the race. Whose statement is correct?

CHICAGO BALL TOSSER.—There are 26 clubs in Chicago, we believe, and the list includes the Chicago, Amateur, Garden City, Excelsior, Athletic, Active, Forest City, Empire, Peerless, Pastime, Union, Forest City, Nonpareil, Gazelle, Evanston, Baltic, Potter, Palmer, Awkward, Buckeye, Opera House, Field, Leiter (German), Farewell, Parkridge, and three other clubs composed of the *attaches* of newspaper offices, the Post and the post office.

OLD READER, Guelph, Ont.—1. D's horse, not having distanced B's horse in the dash of two miles, lost the bet, and the judges had no right to order the horses to start again. 2. If B protested against starting again after the first heat, he is entitled to the money; but if he did not, B waived his claim by starting again and lost the bet. Having accepted the judges' decision by starting for the race under their jurisdiction, they cannot now be objected to. 3. No reliable record of quarter exercising.

ALICK, Philad'a.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre, A and B, and C and D are partners: A orders up the trump and goes it alone; C says 'I go it alone against you.' They play and A makes three tricks. How do they count? And also what would be the count if C made three tricks?".....A scores one point only; C had no right to go alone; had C made three tricks, he would have euchred A and would have been entitled to two points therefor.

SMOKEY CITY.—The referee's decision being in conflict with the rules of billiards is not binding. The decision is also defective in this, that, not having seen the stroke himself, the referee asked two men, out of twenty, to give their opinion, one of whom only said it did not count, and the other that it did. This was as much in favor of M's position as P's; and this was, consequently, no warrant for a decision either way.

SPAFFER.—No person is liable to military duty at the present time, in the United States, the service being recruited from volunteers. In France every subject that is physically capable and not exempt from some special cause is liable to military duty, through conscription. 2. According to the last census France had a larger population than the United States.

POWERS.—We can only express our opinion on the subject submitted, which is, that while the Jack of *Hearts* is made a *trump* card when a diamond is turned up, it cannot properly be called a *throwback*; in playing we call it the Jack of Hearts, or left bower. We may be wrong in this opinion, and therefore do not offer it to decide your bet.

FAITH, New Castle, Pa.—1. The stock company in all probability will open the Opera House in Pittsburgh, Pa., when controlled by Joseph Proctor against it will play in Pittsburgh, Pa., during the coming season. 3. You can buy a mouth harmonicon at almost any store in Pittsburgh, the price varying according to size. 4. The music of "Croquet" has not yet been published in this country.

AVERAGIST.—Your idea is a good one and sound. But the average of outs and runs is useless as a criterion, simply for the reason that a player may score six runs and not earn a base, and a quick base runner may be charged with six outs, and yet run his bases successfully, but owing to the inferior batting of those following him he may be put out every innings.

CONSTANT READER, Jamestown, N. Y.—1. There are a dozen or more cities in the United States larger in population than Berlin, Prussia, consequently 2 wins. 2. Berlin had a population of only 702,437 in 1867; and as it could not have increased 200,000 in three years, it is safe to say that Berlin's present population is not 1,000,000.

SOCK AND BUSKIN.—1. We published a list of amateur societies in our last week's issue. See answer to "Inquirer, Jersey City." 2. Miss Annie Clarke, the leading lady of the Boston Museum, never played at Barnum's Museum; the lady you refer to was Mrs. Adele Clarke, the wife of Harry G. Clarke. 3. Edwin Booth has no brother named William.

W. S., Prince Albert, Ont.—The conditions of the race specifying heats, two in three, the race was finished when Maid of the Mist won the first and third heats, and she was entitled to the prize. The judges were incompetent for their position, and Maid of the Mist, in obeying their orders to start for the fourth heat, did not waive her right to be considered the winner.

J. M. M.—A player having made a base not at the time occupied by any other player, cannot return to the base he left unless obliged to by some regularly constituted authority, under certain circumstances. In the case you mention the base runner had either to return to third or try to reach his home base.

R. DESBOROW, Quincy.—We do not know them because, among other reasons, changes are made from time to time, and improper uses might be made of them. You will have no difficulty in making your position evident. The letter from your friend is satisfactory.

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ALICK, Philad'a.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre, A and B, and C and D are partners: A orders up the trump and goes it alone; C says 'I go it alone against you.' They play and A makes three tricks. How do they count? And also what would be the count if C made three tricks?".....A scores one point only; C had no right to go alone; had C made three tricks, he would have euchred A and would have been entitled to two points therefor.

SMOKEY CITY.—The referee's decision being in conflict with the rules of billiards is not binding. The decision is also defective in this, that, not having seen the stroke himself, the referee asked two men, out of twenty

wholly so his thwart, and, with feet squarely braced against the strap to his foot board, pulling mainly with what power he has above his waist, has a seat some 18 inches long, running forward and aft, polished smoothly and well, with grooves on which he "slides." When his hands are further forward, and his oar ready to take the water, his legs are drawn up until his knees are bent quite short. Then with a vigorous kick against his foot board, and at the same time a scull, a spare pull with his back, and as little as possible with his arms, he throws his whole weight bodily backward, and, straightening out his legs, gives his oars a hold on the water that certainly does most effective work. Another way of reaching the same result is that now employed by the Yale crew—of, not a seat on which the rower slides, but one so mounted that it slides itself.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

The excitement over the contest progressing as we write, and now drawing to a close, between the English yacht Cambria and the American yacht Dauntless, has been intense in New York and vicinity for some days, and the neighborhood of Sandy Hook has been, as it is now, the rendezvous during the day of numerous yachts, tugs and steamers, including the famous little full-rigged ship Red, White and Blue, which has already withstood the storms which rage on the Atlantic's broad expanse. At night the yachts belonging to the New York Club anchor near Clifton, S. I., where the club-house is located, and will continue so to do until the arrival of the competing vessels, being at liberty to cruise about the bay during daytime. Commodore of the Atlantic and Brooklyn clubs last week issued orders to the vessels thereof to then cruising up the Sound, the majority of which are expected to participate in the reception to be extended to the ocean racers. As in all cases when the interest of the public is so deeply enlisted, Madame Rumor has been busy and several times circulated reports of the arrival of the victorious yacht, which, proving unfounded, brought down upon her head the maledictions of the honest and indignant swallowers of the canards. According to the estimate formed by experienced sailing masters and yachtmen, the winner cannot possibly arrive here before the evening of the 27th inst., and 'tis highly improbable that she will do so before the day following. Should the yachts arrive during the day, a spectacle such as was never before presented on the waters of New York bay may be looked for, as the large fleet now lying at anchor at different points of cruising about, will join in the welcome and escort them up the bay. In case the race is finished at night, much of the brilliancy of the spectacle will be taken away, but arrangements have been made for illuminating the club house of the N. Y. Y. C., and also for having a display of fireworks thereat. Betting upon the affair, in large and small sums, bats, etc., is very heavy, and a vast deal of money will be won and lost. The N. Y. Y. C. held a quarterly meeting on the evening of the 21st, at which a letter was received from Mr. Ashbury, accompanying a model of the Cambria, presented by him to Mr. Morton. Resolutions were passed congratulating Mr. Douglas upon his successes with the Cambria, and it was decided to defer the annual cruise until after the race for the Challenge Cup, and to announce the day and place of rendezvous by general orders issued under the signature of Commodore Stebbins. The committee having charge of the Ashbury Challenge Cup-waiter was instructed to procure a steamboat for the exclusive use of the members and the ladies accompanying them.

It was resolved to make a fitting acknowledgment to Mr. Ashbury for the elegant model and fine pictures of the Cambria which that gentleman had courteously presented and a letter was ordered to be forwarded. An invitation was also ordered to be extended to the navy department to enter the famous yacht America in the contest for the Challenge Cup, and a resolution was adopted authorizing yacht owners, who enter their yachts for any regatta, to transfer, under certain conditions, their tickets for the members' boat. The meeting resolved that the schooners America and Cambria should be invited to join the squadron when the fleet should sail on the annual cruise.

P. S.—Up to the time of our going to press neither of the yachts had been sighted off the Lightship at Sandy Hook.

GRAMERCY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

On Saturday, July 23d, the Gramercy Club held their opening day and first annual regatta on the Harlem river. The races consisted of a double scull, two single scull races, one of the latter being for professionals, and a tub race. All the boats rowed were seventeen feet working boats. The course was from a boat anchored a short distance from the Fourth avenue railroad bridge up the stream to one-fourth of a mile beyond McCombs's Dam, bridge, and return, a distance of two and one half miles. The first race, double sculls, had two entries—John Dashe and Edward Atkinson upon the inside and Charles Brinkerhoff and Henry Cuppia on the outside. The former crew won in 27:15¼. The second race, single sculls, for professionals, was contested by John Kyle, George Francis and George Wallace. Kyle jumped away with the lead as soon as the start was made and maintained it all over the course with apparent ease, coming in a long distance ahead of his competitors in 21:45. The third race, single sculls, was rowed by David Roche and Charles Earwicker. This was an interesting and well rowed race, with Roche a strong favorite. Earwicker, however, won in gallant style in 22:37½. The tub race was contested by Messrs. Roche, Brinkerhoff, Kimbark, French, Atkinson, Cuppia and Sterling. Every one of the contestants capsized with the exception of Roche, who won the race.

A fine collation at Kyle's, in which the Gramercy's entertained a large number of guests of unsurpassed rowing pastime. The Gramercy Boat Club, although but a few months organized, has a neat floating boat-house on the Harlem River at One Hundred and Thirty-third street and Fourth avenue, which is very handily fitted and well filled with boats. Among the latter are a six oared gig, two six oared barges, and a variety of shells and working boats. They number over thirty members, comprising many of the first young men of Harlem, and with a first-rate body of officers, the club is sure to occupy a prominent place in the aquatic organizations of Gotham. The prizes, elegant and tasty gold badges, were given by President Earwicker and Vice-President Zachmann, and were presented during the entertainment by Mr. Peverecly to the fortunate winners. A large delegation of our boat club's were present, who congratulated the Gramercys upon their highly successful *debut*, and fraternized with them in a manner becoming gentlemen amateur oarsmen. The judges were Messrs. Ransom Parker, Jr., Gabriel Case and John McKay. Referee and starter, Charles A. Peverelly.

HARDSCRABBLE CLUB.—This metropolitan social organization, composed principally of east-siders, left upon their annual cruise on the evening of Wednesday, 20th inst., in their handsome yacht Blue Wing, commanded by Commodore G. W. Stevens, assisted by Capt. Baker, returning on the 23d, after an exceedingly enjoyable trip. Mr. J. M. Keiser, of 60 Bowery, catered for the club in a most satisfactory manner, as was evident from the relish with which the savory viands and cooling beverages were discussed "as they sailed, as they sailed." Among the invited guests was Pierce Jarvis, of the Vollmer Club, a gentleman well known in theatrical circles. It is the intention of the club to be among those to do honor to the international racers upon their arrival.

EMPIRE REGATTA CLUB.—The meeting called for by Ald. Stephen Roberts drew together a number of the old members above the Harlem Yacht Club, one Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, E. R., on Saturday evening, 23d inst., the object being to make arrangements for a regatta to be held in September. The proper steps were taken, and if boating men and others but lend their assistance, a regatta which will bring to mind the aquatic displays of by-gone years may be looked forward to.

SOCIÉTE DES REGATES DU HAVRE.—The international matches of this club, for yachts of all nations, were to have been sailed on July 15th and 21st, but the cable has failed to state anything concerning them. Perhaps the Franco-Prussian "difficulty" has rendered an indefinite postponement necessary.

WM. CLEMENS, Lasher and Picard, have entered into an agreement to row from the foot of Charles street to the cove in Hoboken and back, for a purse, on the evening of July 30th, at 5 o'clock.

CRICKET.

ST. GEORGE vs. WILLOW.

These New York and Brooklyn clubs met for the first time this season on the St. George grounds, at Hudson City, on Saturday, July 23d, to play a one day's match, and after a contest in the sun, with the thermometer at 86 in the shade, the St. George eleven came off the victors, their score in the first innings being 73 to 48, and, as there was not time to play the full game out, that score decided the match.

The St. George Club have had some good practice this season, though not so much as they should have. The Willows, however, have had none, their grounds at Prospect Park not having been placed in proper condition for play. They had some practice at Philadelphia one day this season, but it was not exactly the style of thing to train up an eleven in the way they should go, and, consequently, they entered into this contest entirely unprepared to cope successfully with their more practiced opponents.

Though the match was one day's play only, the Willows failed to be on time—it's a way they have—and therefore it was after twelve o'clock before play commenced, and then they had to take the field with but eight of their eleven, with a rusty old sub in the field to assist. St. George went to the bat first, and sent in Bance and Mooran to the bowling of Eastwood and Toxal. The batsmen opened play as the bat in lively style, and before they were parted the score had been run up to 21. Moran was next, and again a good stand was made, the second wicket not falling until 45 had been scored. Cooper and Norley were then disposed of for small figures, and when dinner was called the eighth wicket had fallen for 71, Stead alone scoring double figures, Bance, Mooran and Gordon doing the same. The extras were but 7 and the bowling was good, especially that of Fortun, who took Cooper's and Norley's wickets handsomely.

At 3 P. M. the Willows sent in Clirehugh and Sleigh to the bowling of Norley and Mooran. The second ball from Norley was stopped by Clirehugh's legs, and he retired in favor of Plimer—first wicket for a duck egg. In the first over from Mooran, Plimer retired—second wicket for a duck. He was "making short work" of the Willows, and their luck began to go down in numbers, for before the next wicket fell the score had been run up to 18, at which point Sleigh was run out by Sprague, followed by Clough, but he was also run out on the first ball, the fourth wicket falling for 19. This began to give the game the appearance of a one innings affair. Yozal now got in with Eastwood, and before they parted the score had been run up to 44, of which Eastwood scored 20 in good cricket style. Nothing was done afterwards, the last wicket falling for 48 only. St. George then went in for their second innings, and had run up 136, of which Norley scored 37, Mooran 33 and Fortun 23, when the time arrived for drawing stumps, and the day's play ended. We give the score of the innings which decided the game:—

St. George.		Willow.	
Bance b Eastwood	12	Clirehugh b Norley	0
Mooran run out	33	Sleigh run out	1
Cooper b Norley	11	Plimer b Moran	0
Norley b Eastwood	0	Clough b Norley	0
Stead b Norley	4	Sprague run out	0
Wright c Clirehugh b Moran	3	Cooke c Cooper, b Moran	0
Gordon run out	0	Yozal b Bowling	4
Fortun b Norley	0	Eastwood b Bowling	20
Hamilton c Sleigh, b Moran	1	Bowling not out	0
Sprague not out	0	Chatterton b Moran	0
Byes, 4; leg byes, 1; wides, 1	6	Byes, 4; leg byes, 0	4
Total	73	Total	48

BOWLING SCORE.

Willow.	Runs.	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Norley	23	3	1	4
Moran	23	3	1	4
Bowling	12	2	0	1
St. George.				
Fortun	17	3	1	1
Eastwood	20	3	0	2
Yozal	7	1	0	0

On Thursday the St. George second eleven play New York second eleven at Hudson City.

CRICKETERS vs. BALL TOSSERS.

The return game between the Boston cricketers and the Lowell Base Ball Club was decided on the 21st inst. This time cricket was the game played, the ballists having a similar advantage to that given them by the cricketers previously, being allowed 22 men and 21 outs. Play did not begin until well nigh three o'clock P. M., which prevented the playing of more than one innings, leaving the cricketers victorious by the score below given:—

Lowell.		Boston.	
Bringe c Tyler b Rogers	2	Davis run out	1
H. Tyler b Joslin	1	Sate hit wicket b Rogers	1
Howarth c Rogers b Joslin	13	Kilner c Lamb b Joslin	1
Hammond c Sumner b Rogers	4	Doherty not out	4
Reddick b Rogers	1	Byrne, 7; wides, 6	13
Haigh run out	1		
Ward c Lamb b Joslin	6	Total	36
Briggs c Davis b Hammond	2	Geyer run out	7
Tyler c Dring b Reddick	1	Sumner b Reddick	1
Barlen b Reddick	1	Rice run out	1
Lamb c Doherty b Reddick	0	Byrne b Hammond	1
Joslin st Haigh	0	Sate b Hammond	0
Bradbury b Hammond	0	Hackney hit wicket	0
Frost b Hammond	1	Rest handled ball	2
O. Joslin b Reddick	0	Bennett run out	0
Bennett b Reddick c Heverth	0	Hutchings not out	0
Miller c and b Hammond	1	Byes	2
Rogers c Ward b Hammond	0		
Russell c Ward	1	Total	33
Powers c Dring b Reddick	0		

Umpires—Messrs. W. and F. Gorse, of the Needham Club.

CRICKETING IN CANADA.

A match game of cricket came off on the Hamilton (Canada) grounds, July 16th, between the Hamilton and Grimsby club. Hamilton winning the toss sent Grimsby to the wickets. Below is the score:—

First Innings.		Grimsby.	Second Innings.	
Nellies c McFee b Leggo	3	c Leggo b Herbert	4	
Kerby c Leggo	0	b Herbert	0	
Randall b Leggo	0	c Bickle b Herbert	0	
Wolverine c McFee b Carlisle	1	b Herbert	0	
Henry c Carlisle	1	b Herbert	0	
Petit run out	15	b Herbert	0	
Fitch c Barrie	4	c McFee b Carlisle	0	
Moore l b w	0	c Bickle b Carlisle	0	
Randall c Petit	0	b Herbert	0	
Hurst not out	0	not out	0	
Leg byes, 4; wides, 7	11	Bingle c Bickle b Carlisle	0	
Total	35	Total	5	

Hamilton.		First Innings.	
Whitaker b Petit	1	Barrie c Henry b Petit	11
Carlisle b Petit	9	McFee not out	1
Leggo b Petit	3	Smith b Petit	0
Hope b Wolverine	31	Byes, 11; leg byes, 3; wides, 6	20
Bickle b Petit	4		
Herbert run out	12	Total	55
Hamilton c Randall b Petit	1		

The Hamiltons thus proving the victors by 18 runs and one innings to spare.

THE POTTSVILLE CRICKET CLUB, we are glad to learn, are thoroughly re-organized and in fine playing trim. They have secured a fine ground at the beautiful village of Orwigsburg, near by the town, which name they bear. Having conquered all the clubs in the vicinity of the local metropolis, they are anxious to try the mettle of some of our city clubs. Any of our clubs desirous of a pleasant trip should visit Pottsville.

TARRANT, the Canadian cricketer, died of consumption on the 16th inst., in his 32d year.

THE RING.

DETERMINED FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

CRONIN DEFEATS GREGG.

One of the gamest and best conducted fights that has been witnessed for a considerable period in England took place on July 2d, the combatants being Denny Cronin, of Lambeth, and George Gregg, *alias* Clough, who were matched to fight at catch-weight for £20 a side. George Gregg (better known as Rough) completed his 27th year on the 24th of last month, stands about 5ft. 7in., and scaled on the morning of the battle 9st. 11lb. His first fight was with George Flynn, for a £15 purse, whom he beat after a gallant battle of 50 rounds lasting 2h. 9min., on June 14th, 1866; beat Denny Nunan, of Lambeth, at 9st. 8lbs., for £10 a side, in 17 rounds, and 31min., Sept. 24, 1867; and defeated Billy Hawkes on the 16th of last December, after a most exciting encounter of 12 rounds, in 37min. 30sec. He trained under the care of Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, near Gravesend. Denis Cronin was born in the county Cork, Sept. 10th, 1846, is 5ft. 5½in. in stature, and draws the beam at about 9st. 6lb. He made his first appearance in the ring about six years ago, and besides being the victor in several glove encounters, has beaten Crane, Morris, of Westminster, and Harry Rackham. He commenced his training at Croydon, and finished, in company with Tommy Hackett, at Chatham. Both men sported colors, Gregg's being a white figured ground with scarlet border, and Cronin's a salmon colored ground crossed by black and check squares, with magenta skeleton leaves interspersed. It was intended that the contest should take place in one of the southern counties on June 30th, but from prudential motives the scene was changed, and a voyage by water was arranged for the 2d. On that day a select party embarked at a pier between London Bridge and Woolwich, whilst the majority of spectators were sent to Fanchurch street station *en route* for Purfleet. Having stopped at Woolwich, the special dropped down to Greenhithe, where Cronin and his trainer were taken on board, and the ring being then given the authorities were on the alert in the neighborhood of the old spot, a fresh cargo, including Puggy, with his ropes and stakes, were taken on board, and Gravesend was reached, where Gregg and a few friends were picked up. Steaming away down the river to Lower Hope Point, the ring was pitched on a splendid piece of turf, and Gregg, attended by Mike Cooklin and Bobby Hall, shied his castor. About a few minutes after Cronin, escorted by George Crockett and Jem Dillon, modestly dropped his cap in the quadrangle, and the choice of corners having been won by Dillon, he chose to place his *protege* with his back to the sun. Everything having been quickly arranged, the men stood up at six minutes past three for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The combatants barely on left at the scratch after the usual ceremony of shaking hands, and the seconds having retired from the ring, the spectators were enabled to form their own opinion as to the relative merits of the men. Cronin, although heavier than his opponent, seemed much smaller, and his attitude less artistic than his adversary, who, for his weight, has excessively broad shoulders and thick set loins, but his lower extremities are far from good, and he appeared a trifle too thin. Gregg feinted several times very prettily, but his opponent was in no hurry to commence, and stepped back out of danger. At length Rough crept within distance, and landed lightly on the mark, and was out of reach in an instant. He again visited the same spot with a like result, and at the third attempt landed on the right leg, producing a slight discoloration. This led to some rapid exchanges. They closed and fell side by side. Time, 4 minutes.

2. Neither was prepared for the call of time, and both came up fighting. Cronin was evidently riled at the liberties which had been taken with him in the previous round, and tried to retaliate, but Gregg was not to be caught napping, and quickly jumped back out of danger. They soon got within distance, and Rough again landed twice on the ribs. Cronin got in a terrific hit on the mark, but Gregg retaliated on the ribs, but rather lightly, as his opponent broke ground, but Cronin would not be denied, and rushed to a close. They fibbed away merrily for a few seconds, struggled for the fall, and rolled down together, Rough being uppermost.

3. They were rather slow at the call of time, but had scarcely got within range when Gregg again visited the mark and avoided the return by ducking. Cronin missed two or three well meaning hits owing to his opponent's activity, but still he steadily pursued his antagonist, and in the close they struggled to the ropes, and rolled down side by side. Time, 7 min.

4. Prime favorites of the Scrubbury man were now excessively jubilant, and 2 to 1 was freely offered on him, without any takers. Cronin, in obedience to his seconds' advice, rushed into close quarters, and a spirited rally took place. They broke ground, sparred for a few minutes, when Rough landed twice on the ribs, and changed away laughing. Cronin was stooping, in the act of delivering a body blow, when Gregg sent out his left with terrific force, and landed exactly on the top of his opponent's nut, causing Gregg's hand to swell up fearfully, and rendering it nearly useless for the remainder of the fight, and Denny, seeing the damaged state of his opponent's mawley, again rushed in, and in the fall Gregg was undermost.

5. Cronin again received orders to force the fighting, and they had scarcely toed the scratch when some rattling exchanges took place, mostly in favor of Cronin, who, in stepping back, slipped, but jumped up quickly and resumed the round. As he rushed in Gregg hit him with a stinger with his right on the ribs, and drove him back. Nothing daunted, however, Denny again rushed to a close, and forced his opponent down.

6. It was a very short round, as both were on eager that a rally soon brought them to the ropes, and they rolled down side by side.

7. Both were slow to the call of time, and when up in no hurry to begin. After some cautious sparring Cronin planted some heavy blows on his opponent's chest, and got, down without suspiciously, Rough nearly falling over him.

8. They came up before time was called, and Cronin planted a stinger on the chest. Gregg countered on the mouth with his right, hitting his opponent's upper lip. Any blood for Cronin? After exchanges ensued, they closed, and Rough was undermost in the fall.

9. Cronin came up bleeding from the mouth, but soon got to work and administered some heavy blows on his antagonist's ribs. This led to a rally, when Gregg got his opponent's nob in chancery, and gave him a neat cross-buttock.

10. After some tedious sparring Cronin again tried the rushing system, and Gregg was quickly out of reach. Denny, however, followed him up, and some severe blows were exchanged, mostly in favor of Cronin. They closed, fell on the ropes and Gregg got down.

11. Both were rather slow to come to the scratch, the previous round and spurred for wind; at length Cronin went to his man and hit out left and right on the ribs with great force; Gregg, wincing with pain, broke ground, but, quickly returning to the charge, fought Cronin down.

12. More tedious sparring, until Cronin again tried the rushing system and tried to plant rife, two on the ribs, but was neatly stopped by a cross counter with the right on the face. As his opponent was getting in a terrific rally, Gregg, in a clever style with his right, would have probably finished the fight. This made Cronin rather cautious and it was some time ere he would get near his opponent; at length they got within distance and fought and struggled to the ropes, a severe struggle for the fall ending in Cronin being undermost.

13. Each in turn feinted and broke ground prettily, both being determined not to throw a chance away. At length Gregg led off with his left, but was short, and Cronin, in return, countered in a second or two, as he headed heavily on his opponent's ivories and again drew a supply of the ruby. Cronin again visited his antagonist's ribs with his right and a sharp struggle ensued for the fall, which was gained by Cronin.

14. Up to his commission Denny rushed his man all over the ring and would occasionally land on the body, but with little effect, as Gregg was still active on his pins and knew that his only chance consisted in trying to weary his opponent. Cronin, getting his opponent in a corner, endeavored to "fetch the nob spot, but was driven back by a right-hander on the left eye. This brought them to a rally and Cronin threw his man and fell on him. An appeal was made but not allowed.

15. This was a hustling round, the combatants having somewhat recovered while their seconds were squealing at the close of the previous round. Cronin again made play, but his tactics were almost met straight by the superior agility of his opponent, who on several occasions got out of danger in a marvellous manner. Denny eventually collared him, and a splendid rally took place almost in the centre of the ring, many thinking that a crisis was at hand; but Rough quickly terminated the ordeal by giving his opponent a half-buster.

16. Both slow to time, and several minutes were occupied in sparring for an opening. Gregg led on the mark, and, ducking cleverly, avoided the return, but was nailed on again attempting it, and after several counters they closed and severe blows fell.

17. Gregg was not quite so active, and the odds had now reversed round to 7 to 1 on Cronin, who seemed as strong as at the commencement. He would not let his opponent have any rest, and forged out rally after rally with a stinger with his right on the ribs, and drove him back. Nothing daunted, however, Denny again rushed to a close, and forced his opponent down.

18. Cronin came up bleeding from the mouth, was out of a very severe counter with the right on the mark, and the fight was ended.

Boston, July 23, 1870.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—Inclosed you will find fifty-five dollars to make a match to fight any man in America at 112 pounds, for $200 a side, in two months from signing articles. Yours respectfully, TOMMY KELLY.

PATRICK KELLEHER AND ROBT. BARNETT met at Messer's Crossing, Salem, N. H., accompanied by a few friends, to fight a rough and tumble for satisfaction's sake and a stake, on the 11th inst. They fought for more than an hour, ceasing at last through exhaustion, both men, particularly Barnett, having had punishment. The principals, together with the stakeholder, Mr. Barry, were subsequently arrested, the former being committed to jail in default of $4,000 bail each, and the latter securing his release on $1,000 bail.

RENEWED EFFORTS are being made in Boston to secure the liberation of Ned O'Baldwin, the "Irish Giant," whose incarceration tells upon him severely. Jim Shea, the well known sporting man of the Hub, is the leading spirit in the effort, and we are glad to learn that there is a reasonable prospect of success rewarding his disinterested exertions.

HARRY HILL'S.—At this widely-known resort fun and frolic reigns supreme nightly, and is enjoyed by troops of those who are fond of sport. The entertainment offered in the greatly enlarged and improved ball and concert room is a full equivalent for the amounts expended in "sittin' up stairs."

TURNER AND DONNELLY are busy training for their fight for $500 a side, which is to take place near New Orleans on Aug. 6th.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Walter Brown and James Shaw.

THE KNICKERBOCKER LACROSSE CLUB.—This club was out in strong force on Prospect Park grounds, Brooklyn, on the 23d inst. They played some closely contested games. Hopkins, as goal keeper, is thought to be equal to any in Canada. Frye is going to prove a strong player, though rather heavy. He must be more expert at picking up and dodging with the ball over his opponent's head. Taylor and Mitchell are good; Calder plays rather lazily; Thompson is a fine player, while Graham enters into the game with a will, and is equally at home at goal, point or as fielder. Wheeler plays steadily; Ritchie is fine, and McGuire excellent on defence. Cowan is a plucky player, and sticks to his man; Tweddell, though a good runner, seems not able to hold and throw the ball; Foster, fast on his pins, is a stashing player; McIntyre is a fine thrower but weak on his pedals, and easily sent to grass; Kennison as assistant goal keeper, would present a strong and stout front. The following, or a portion of them, for next month, will be chosen from the above names. We are promised reports of these games. We believe the twelve purpose visiting Montreal, Quebec, Prescott and Toronto

LACROSSE MATCH.—A match was played on the Hamilton (C. W.) Cricket Club grounds, July 21st, between the Hamiltons and Dundas Lacrosse clubs, the Hamilton Club winning in three straight games. The following were the players:—

Hamilton.		Dundas.	
J. Stewart (captain)	Point	Jos McMahon	Point
Foster	Cover point	Dr. Ferrie	Cover point
Wallis	Centre	Wm. Watkins	Centre
Wilkie	Centre	Wm. Wyatt	Centre
J. Jarvis	Centre	Geo. Wyatt	Centre
C. Jarvis	Centre	Thos. Ferrie	Centre
Kaddy	Centre	Thos. Ferrie, jr.	Centre
Mc Farlane	Centre	Jas. Ferrie	Centre
Logan	Centre	Jas. Ferrie, jr.	Centre
Ashlade	Centre	Jas. Ferrie, jr.	Centre

Umpire—Mr. Theodore Bomeisler, of the Eurekas, of Newark.
Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

The next day the Marylands played the Experts, with the appended result:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Marylands	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Experts	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Umpire—Mr. Wilson, of the West Philadelphia. Time of game—2 hours and 15 minutes.

A RIFLE MATCH took place on July 6th, simultaneously, between the Victoria Club, of Canada, and the Bristol Club, of England, the Victorias winning by 15 points, which will be seen by the following score:—

Victorias.											Bristols.										
	200	300	500	600	800	900	1000	Total	Aggr.	Av.		200	300	500	600	800	900	1000	Total	Aggr.	Av.
	32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	223	31		32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	223	31
	32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	446	31		32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	446	31
	32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	669	31		32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	669	31
	32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	892	31		32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	892	31
	32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	1115	31		32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	1115	31
	32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	1338	31		32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	1338	31
	32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	1561	31		32	31	32	31	32	31	30	223	1561	31
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SCHNEIDER'S RIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

From grose der rifer, ad broke of day,
Bringin by Brooklyn fresh dimnay
Der news vas send, by a Dutchman drue,
Dot der officers of der refenue
Vood be ofer in less as a hour or dwo,
To sendingge us all der viskey dey stock
In Schneider's blace, or near der shbol.

Und vilder rad dem rumors dey flew,
Dill Schneider didn'd know vat to do;
So he glosed der doors und barred dem dight,
Saying:—"Dey kin hammer avay mit all deir might,
Of dey gid dem oben before id's night,
Den I don'd know—bud ve shall see
Who is der shmardest, dem or me!"
For a hour or dree no read he got,
Shdill Schneider shdald righd on der shbod.

Bud dere us a shdreed in Brooklyn down
Dot isn'd bafed, dot leads righd down
To Goney Island, und vat is more
(Dot's a vonder id nefer vas used before),
Id vas righd in frond of der back of der shdore,
Und dere on dot road a mire dozen drucks und a cart,
Loading mit visky all ready to shdart;
Dey're mood all loaded, und Schneider is gay,
In den momends he'll be boud a mile avay.

Dey're off, und noding is 'ef to show
Vat way dey made uh deir minds to go,
Und efery shdib 'is mofed, and nod a sound
Kin be heerd bud der reels agoin around,
As dey mofe so shwiftly ofer der ground;
Und Schneider looks back und says:—"Goot day,'
For, he's more as fif' miles away.

Shdill jumbs dem horses, shdill on dey go,
Und der vay dey mofe dot isn'd shlow,
Dey're goin down hill, und faster und faster
Dey're drifen ahead by Schneider, der master,
Ve shalcula to dem now like a boor man's blasder,
For vell he knows dot if now he's dooked,
He kin made ub his mind dot his goose vas cooked,
So efery mussels dey pring in blay,
Cause dey aind any more as den miles avay.

Under deir flyin hoofs der road,
Like a grade big ungudder dot flowed,
Und der flies dot had come all der vay from town
Now god dired und had to lown;
To took a shmall read ubon der ground;
"Shneid!" shouted der vagoner, dem vent so fasd
Dot efen der flies gifed oud ad last;
Der dusd vas dick und der horses gray,
Und Schneider vas fifdeen miles away!

Der wery firsd ding dot Schneider saw
Vas der sand, und he heerd der ocean roar.
He shmelled der salt in der goot oil breeze
Dot vafded ofer vere dere vasn'd some drees,
Und he feld firsd rade mit his mind ad ease.
Bud dem wery horses dem seamed to say:—
"Ve primged you, Schneider, all der vay
From Brooklyn town und safed der viskey,
Bud 'bon our vords 'dwas radder riskey!"

Hurrah! hurrah! for Schneider drue!
Hurrah! hurrah! for der horses, doo!
Und ven deir shdadurs vas high und dry,
Led some bully boy mit a grockery eye
Gid ub on der dop of a barrel und gry:—
"Dese is der horses dot safed der day
By carting der viskey und Schneider avay
From Brooklyn—dweedy miles avay!"

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT

BETWEEN

TOM KING AND JOHN C. HEENAN.

Fought at Wadhurst Eng., Dec. 10th, 1863, FOR £1,000 A SIDE.

King the Winner in 24 Rounds, 35 Minutes.

One of the most exciting ring battles which ever enlisted the attention of the sporting public of England and America was that which took place at Wadhurst, Kent, on the 10th of December, 1863, between those gigantic young gladiators, Tom King and John C. Heenan, respectively representing those countries. While reproducing reports of the important encounters of bygone days, in obedience to the expressed desires of numerous readers, we here with again present the account of this one, prefacing it with a

SKETCH OF THE COMBATANTS.

TOM KING was born August 14th, 1835, in Silver street, Stepney, London. He weighed 182 lbs., and is 6 ft. 1¼ in. in height. He went a couple of voyages as a sailor to the coast of Africa, after which he got the situation as foreman among the shipping at Victoria Docks, during which time he "whipped" one or two quarrelsome and ambitious "parties." The news of these victories reached Jem Ward, who sought and obtained an interview with King. He was likewise present at a turn-up between King and an aspirant by the name of Brighton Bill, who was so thoroughly thrashed in one round that he retired from the P. R. The conduct of King so delighted Ward that he declared there were some sterling qualities about the youngster that only required development to make him A1 as a bruiser. King after this, was matched as "Jem Ward's big 'un," with Smith, of Portsmouth, who forfeited was the next to stake money for a contest with Master Tommy, but, having taken stock of the "juvenile big 'un," he thought discretion the better part of valor, and he also forfeited the first instalment. King, finding he could not get on a match with some of the middle-weights for a smallish amount, challenged to fight anybody for £100 a side, which also met with no response, and King began to think he was going to achieve an unenviable notoriety without distinguishing himself in the magic arena, when Tommy Truckle, of Portsmouth, stepped out of his sphere and a match was made at catch-weight for £50 a side. They met November 27th, 1860, and King won easily in forty-nine rounds and 1 hour 2 minutes. King, who was much the taller and heavier man, took a decided lead, although Truckle got the first blood from the nose. King, after this, had the fight all his own way, scoring his maiden victory rather cleverly. In the following year Jem Mace, having proved victorious over Hurst, was challenged by King, and a match was made for £200 a side and the champion's belt, to take place in January, 1862. Immediately after the match for the championship with Mace was fairly *en train*, Young Broome challenged King for £50 a side, at catch weight, which was at once accepted by Tommy, and they fought a tremendous battle at Frimley, October 21, 1861, Broome being defeated in 43 rounds and in 42 minutes. Immediately after this victory King went into training for his fight with Mace, which took place near Godstone, on January 18, 1862, Mace knocking King out of time in 42 rounds and in 68 minutes. On November 25th of the same year King and Mace fought their battle o'er again, when the result was reversed, King winning in 21 rounds, 38 minutes. Mace felt highly chagrined at his defeat and tried to banter King into another match, but it was no go, for King shut his ears to all offers and resigned his claim to the championship. Up till the 19th round Mace had everything in his favor and long odds were offered on his proving the conqueror, but the cat-like agility himself open and caught a tremendous hit in the face, which sent him down all of a heap and really decided the fight, for he was completely bewildered thereafter, coming up only to be hit down again, without power to defend himself. This was King's last appearance until the making of the match under consideration.

JOHN C. HEENAN's career was so recently given in this department that 'tis unnecessary to repeat it now. Suffice it to say that he was born at West Troy, N. Y., May 1st, 1834, stands 6 ft. 1½ in. in height and weighed 196 lbs. on the day he met his

HOW THE MATCH WAS MADE.

The match was brought about in a somewhat singular manner. Heenan had returned to England April 4, 1862, saying he did not care to fight again, and his mode of life certainly gave every one an idea that such was his real feeling. Now and then, however, a whisper was heard that, if a tempting opportunity presented itself, the Benicia Boy might once again be persuaded to try his fortune in that arena where he had already distinguished himself in so marked a manner. King, too, having defeated the champion (Mace) thought he had done enough for money, and, like Heenan, intimated that his ring career was over. His friends were much astonished at this decision, when he had the much coveted belt in his possession, and several efforts were made, in vain, to change his resolution. Tom, however, was obdurate; he declared he could do without fighting, and as he was going to get a place of discretion in selecting a future career was incumbent on him. Early in the year 1863 the whisperings anent the Benicia Boy assumed a more tangible form, and the Editor of *Bell's Life* was conveyed by several gentlemen connected with the turf, among whom Jack's natural civility and good conduct had rendered him a favorite, to intimate privately to fancy circles that any one really anxious to try conclusions with him, and able and willing to put down a sum not less than £1,000, would have no difficulty in coming to terms. This proposition, though somewhat gigantic, at once caused the King to prick up his ears. His chief backers lost no time in casually dropping in upon Owen Swift, who had the commission, and, as Heenan's friends had said, they had not the least difficulty in coming to terms. The match once made, to take place December 8th, 1863, each man at once proceeded to make telling capital out of it, and this at first led to a belief that the match would never come to anything, but was merely got up for this very purpose. It was known that a sum of more than £1,000 had been divided between Sayers and Heenan out of the profits of the train for their match, and the supposition was perhaps not unnatural that £500 would be very good interest upon £1,000 for a few months, setting aside the off chance of something else turning up into the bargain. As the day approached for the men to go into training, fears as to the match not being genuine quickly subsided, and in racing circles the mooted point much interest, numerous bets of 6 to 4 being laid on the Benicia Boy, whose appearance at Newmarket during the October meetings fully justified the confidence reposed in him. The deposits were made in due course at the houses appointed, and some monster gathering took place both in the east and at the west end of the town, and the betting soon settled down to 6 to 4 on Heenan. It was some considerable time before the regular followers of the P. R. would believe in the genuineness of the match, although the deposits were made with the greatest regularity. The friends of Tom King, however, were very sanguine, and only waited for a large bet to be offered to snap up the same, which was done at Tattersall's just previous to the October meeting at Newmarket, when W. Ashworth laid £600 to £400 on the American, F. Hogg being the accepter.

IN TRAINING.

For some time after the making of the match King continued his engagements with Ginnett's Circus. When he started in his training work he weighed 15st. 2lb. (212lb.), although he was lean and spare, but by dint of good work he reduced himself to 13st. (182 lb.) before the day of fighting. He commenced his training at the Fish and Eels, Broxbourne, in company with the brothers Lawley, but a hint having been given that it would be advisable to shift his quarters, Tom removed to Hancock's Gate, Sussex, where Mr. Fennell, of the Hancock Inn, made him extremely comfortable. King did plenty of work, and soon presented the appearance of a thoroughly trained athlete. Tom stands 6 feet 1¾ inches in height, measures 43 inches round the chest, and 14¼ inches round the biceps, while his muscles stand out like bosses of bronze. Tom left his quarters for London on Wednesday December 9th, and took his town lodgings at W. Richardson's, Blue Anchor, Church street, Shoreditch.

Heenan, like King, after the match was made, went a regular round with the circus, and was very well received at all the provincial towns he visited. At the latter end of July the American visited Brighton, but, finding that the sea side did not suit him, he shifted his quarters to Newmarket, where he finished his training in company with his two brothers—Timothy and James—who were joined by Jack McDonald the latter portion of the time. The work that Heenan underwent was almost fabulous, and the manner in which he used the Indian clubs, as well as his magnificent practice with his fists, dumb bells, showed that he was a man in a million. He was nearly 224 lbs. in weight when he commenced work, which he reduced to 196 lbs. by sheer running and walking exercise, and to such a pitch of perfection did he in due time arrive that he was acknowledged to be the *acme* of condition. The following table of his proportions will prove the symmetry of the American representative:—Height, 6ft. 1½in.; girth round shoulders, 52in.; girth round the chest, 46½in.; muscle of the arm above the elbow, 16in., and round the waist, 34in. only. This is sufficient to prove the perfection to which Heenan had brought himself, and to justify the confidence displayed by his backers. His feats as a pedestrian during his work were something extraordinary; six miles and a "bittock" did he generally turn in ordinary walking, and many a spin and a tie up did he give to some of the crack jocks, among whom are to be found no mean specimens of fair heel-and-toe walkers. John's spins at the top of his speed, too, not a little astonished the Browns, and we have been credibly informed he could on a pinch do his quarter in fifty-six seconds—not bad for a fourteen stone man, standing nearly six feet two inches. When stripped his frame was a perfect model for a sculptor. Every muscle was swollen out to a gigantic size, and every tendon and sinew was distinctly visible; and, taken altogether, we doubt whether such a specimen of a Herculean frame has been witnessed in the British P. R. for many years.

THE START FOR THE GROUND.

In consequence of the difficulties experienced in securing means of transit, the day was postponed until Dec. 10th. A large and powerful body of metropolitan police, under Superintendent Bradford, having by some means got an inkling of the coming event, were sent into the yard and approaches to the London Bridge station, and in praiseworthy manner acted together in preserving regularity and protecting gentlemen. King arrived at the station in the usual manner, but Heenan and some friends came in a by a special from the Brickiayer's Arms. The train consisted of thirty carriages, in each of which, to use a theatrical phrase, there was not standing room. They were "horsed" by two powerful engines, and at about a quarter past six glided out of the station without the least confusion, and with the greatest regularity in the world. The morning stars were just beginning to show signs of that glimmering faintness which indicates the near approach of daybreak. Once the train got in motion, not a sound was to be heard save the outburst of some occasional hearty laugh at the jocularity going on inside. The morning was beautiful and mild, and away now to the left the bright, blue tinged light of early day could be seen breaking gently and softly, widening and lengthening as it imperiectly came in a manner that would have excited the warm admiration of a Claude or a Turner. A few miles further on and the train shot by Tunbridge Wells.

PITCHING THE RING.

After a careful search it was determined to pitch the ring in a meadow on the top of a hill, which commanded the most beautiful prospect for many miles round, the white, straggling villas of Tunbridge Wells being prominent objects of the landscape, while on every side the eye was met by gently undulating land and russet woods. As usual upon all such occasions, no end of time was wasted in pitching the ring, the outer one being first arranged. Fred. Oliver and his assistants pegged away with their mallets at the stakes, which were new for the occasion, and upon them in each corner were painted the American and English colors. At length all was prepared, and Tom King, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of his friends, threw his cap into the ring and stalked into the centre in a proud, defiant manner. Heenan followed in a minute afterwards, and it is needless to say he was welcomed with acclamation by his partisans. Not the least interesting incident at this moment was the fact of the Sayers affixing himself of his coat, and in a yellow flannel waistcoat commencing his duties as second to Heenan.

SELECTING A REFEREE.

Now, however, began the usual drawback of all recent prize fights—the selection of a referee. The stakeholder, Editor of *Bell's Life*, caused a letter to be handed to the combatants on the ground, in which he appointed a gentleman connected with his staff, once well known on the turf as "Mr. Mellish." To this appointment Richardson (King's backer) strongly objected, asserting that the person alluded to was specially "barred" when the articles were drawn up. A long and warm discussion ensued, during which the Editor of the *Sporting Life* was asked to stand, but declined the office. Mr. Richardson stood out till the last, but, perhaps, seeing he was behaved with great presence of mind and self possession, gave King the alternative of fighting within a stipulated time, and informed him, if he refused, he must put up with the consequences. This had the desired effect, and, after some fresh arguments, the referee was agreed to on both sides amid a burst of cheering when the fact became known. The morning was now delightfully fine, being as genial as the month of April. The early fog which had predominated in a cloud, and the sun shone over the country. During the period occupied in the selection of the referee Heenan and King sat in their corners, wrapped up to their eyes in horse cloths, quietly awaiting the result, and occasionally stealing furtive glances at each other. Heenan won the toss for corners and chose the eastern corner, with his back to the sun, while King had the parallel angle on the west side. The American was evidently somewhat impatient at last, and called out energetically to the other side:—"Come on; I want to fight!"

THE SECONDS AND PRINCIPALS PREPARING.

Immediately the referee difficulty was removed the men commenced to undress, Jack McDonald and Tom Sayers being seconds of Heenan, while Jerry Noon and Bos Tyler esquired King. Jem Mace, however, was in King's corner, on the outside of the ring, and during the progress of the fight was unremitting in his advice and attention to his former opponent. Sayers, though acting as second, left the chief business to McDonald, but was particularly solicitous for Heenan whenever he required his services. As soon as King had got his fighting boots on, he walked to the centre of the ring to try their elasticity and sparkle, which was done in a very masterly manner, lolling back in a chair, calmly contemplated the young Englishman. In Heenan's corner, on the outside of the ring, were his brothers, Tim and James, and the main bulk of the supporters of the American. The ring keepers were:—Nat Langham, Alec Keene, Harry Brunton, Bob Webb, Billy Duncan, Harry Orme, Dan Collins, Mike Madden, Jemmy Welsh, Joe Rowe, Bob Travers, Young Broome, Jack Rooke, Joe Cobley, &c., &c. At the last moment Tom Tyler was added to the staff, and he was one of the most efficient of the "whips." It was some time before the inner ring could be arranged, and when the company had taken their seats it was at once seen that the assemblage was probably the largest in the history of the Ring, the crowd having received a reinforcement of some 300 people, who had arrived from London by the "parliamentary," which left at twenty minutes past six, and by which they were enabled to get down for a few shillings, with a chance of returning by the "special" free gratis for nothing.

COLORS OF THE MEN.

Heenan had for his colors the beautiful blue and white stripe with a red border, while King's banner was a white handkerchief with a lion rampant and holding a flag in the centre, underneath being the motto, *nonquam non paratus*. After a great deal of eloquence on the part of the ring keepers all was in readiness and the signal, "All out!" was given for clearing the ring. Almost simultaneously the seconds of the men pulled their flannel shirts over their heads, and, after a loud roar of admiration at the magnificent appearance of the principals, especially of Heenan, the men advanced, and, shaking hands, stood up amid breathless silence at three minutes past ten, the betting being 7 to 4 on Heenan.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Intense was the sensation amongst the spectators as the gladiators, after being rubbed in the usual manner by their seconds on the ribs, slapped forward and met in the middle of the ring, and the esquires commenced their offices in the same manner between themselves. Even the most enthusiastic partisan subdued his voice, and, while all eyes were riveted on the two giants, the fall of a pin might have been heard. The sky, at the moment, was bright blue, the sun shone with almost summer brilliancy and a more animated scene had never before been witnessed in the annals of the British prize ring. Heenan's magnificent form and muscular development seemed to have an immense effect upon the assembly. His muscles on the arms and chest stood out in large bosses, and, from the delicate color of the skin, he was the living Hercules, such as the ancient sculptors delighted to represent in marble. He was evidently in splendid condition, and, although looking far older in the face than when he fought with Sayers at Farnborough, it was plain that his sinew and general development were, if anything, more striking than on that memorable occasion. Tom King, who also stood three-quarters of an inch taller than his opponent, was also in superb condition; but, in contrast with Heen n, he did not show that wire of muscle which was so conspicuous in the Benicia Boy. Still, Tom had evidently shaken a considerably portion of the pounds he carried Mace last year, his muscle having spread greatly about the shoulders and loins. The propelling power of the shoulders and back came out in bold relief, more especially on the shoulder blades, which were very prominent and shone in the morning sun with the flush of perfect health and youth. Each movement of his arm was followed by a correspon ing curinging up of the sinew, which indicated that King is endowed with a tremendous amount of the muscular means of the muscle always characteristic of a tremendous hitter. Both men wore round the loins a leather stren theuing plaster, King's being so to that it scarcely reached above the top of his drawers, while Heenan's was somewhat higher up. They were very active in his movements, which took the backers of Heenan greatly by surprise, as it was expected that Tom would perform flat-footed. The position in which King stood could scarcely be judged from the lattice he exhibited in the ring during rounds, for he was be moving, and consequently held his hands much lower than is usual at the commencement of a battle. They were, however, only held low when he was out of distance, which Heenan soon discovered when he tried to draw him on to Tom, so that his hands well up and was as quick as a kitten The appearance of Heenan was astonishing and formidable; exercise had developed every muscle and tendon to that they looked as if previously suggested, more the appearance of marble than flesh and blood. The volume of muscle shown on the bust of Heenan called forth loud cheers, which were renewed when he carelessly stretched out his formidable arms, showing the bulging muscles of a greyhound's, but covered with powerful thews and sinews. The abdominal muscles, where they could be seen above the waist plaster, were of great power, and every action was characterized by that grace of motion belonging so exclusively to an extraordinary development of physical power. His skin was fair and delicate, and looked as if he had been trained too long—that, at any rate, in his mind not exactly during the last week or two. His attitude was much the finer of the two, his long and ponderous arms being well advanced, the left playing freely to and fro, and the right well placed across the body. As they advanced each took an earnest look at his opponent, and a smile of confidence was visible on the countenance of each. Heenan walked straight to King, and evidently meant mischief and a determination to bring affairs to a speedy issue. King broke ground with great activity, and moved first to the right and then to the left, with exceedingly good judgment. Several feints were made, both in turns having a feeler. Heenan followed King to the ropes, where Tom dashed in left at the body, but was very short indeed, as Jack got back, laughing. Tom followed up and tried with both hands at the head, which attempts were nearly successful, but the side of Heenan's head, amidst the cheers of his partisans. Tom tried again with his left, but was short, and, ducking to avoid Heenan's return, he was caught by the American's left arm, and the "Farnborough hug" was humbly received in its place. Tom made a most vigorous effort, his head being pressed against the Benicia Boy's side, while Jack's left arm was around King's neck, the elbow being clutched with the right hand, and the whole of Heenan's tremendous power and leverage being brought to bear, he did, indeed, get Tom off his legs, but pulled and hauled him all over the ring. The Sailor Boy tried all he knew to extricate himself from his awkward position, but the American was too powerful, and it was not until King had performed a tattoo on Heenan's back, as well as placing several facers on his below the belt, and paying a passing visit or so to the facial region, that a slip on the part of Heenan, aggravated by the convulsive movements of King, placed the latter in the equilibrium of the ground all of a heap, Heenan uppermost, amidst tumultuous shouts from Heenan's side of the ring, and frantic appeals to the referee from those who had the interest of Tom King at heart, and exultant cries came from the American that it was over already. Tom was carried to his corner, looking absolutely bewildered, and as if he had more than he had bargained for, whilst his seconds were very busy in his corner. The fighting in this round occupied 2 minutes.

2. When time was called Tom was very quick, displaying a wish to scratch with great alacrity, and, smiling, waited for King to meet him. The latter had not recovered from the squeezing in the previous round, and was showing freely, as well as being much flushed in the face. "Be lively, Tom," was the order he received from the left his corner, and lively he was, for he was all over the ring—first on the right-hand side of the American, and, when Heenan followed, Tom was far on the left hand. Heenan, who sparred with great confidence, at length worked king towards the ropes, scoring a smasher together and worked with great quickness with his arms, but, "shrewdness" in the delivery, King invested with the left on the chest, and followed it up by a smasher with the right, but not so effectively as in the previous round, although the hold was sufficient to enable him to cross-buttock Tom, where he fell heavily upon him.

3. When time was called Heenan came up gamely enough, and was he advanced to the scratch the left side of his face was flushed, and the bridge of his nose marked by the visitation of King's left in the previous round. They had now steadied themselves, and for the first time sparred for an opening. Heenan was the first to offer with his left, but king, as lively as a grig, was away, laughing. John quietly worked his opponent to ar s the lower corner, when Tom, finding himself getting into an awkward position, let go his right, which, straight as a rl, got home fully on Heenan's left jaw, knocking him back to the middle of the ring. Heenan was rise at this; he got to close quarters and clutched for the fall, Tom, in the meantime, being busy with both hands. An exciting struggle ensued for the fall, which ended in both being down outside the ropes. Time, 7 minutes.

4. A long time elapsed before they left their seconds knees, King was flushed on the left cheek, and Heenan had his nose swollen and his left shoulder bruised from falling over Tom. The excitement displayed, and the shouts of encouragement to both at this stage of the fight, was unparalleled, yet each of the combatants took it coolly and smiled with great confidence as he faced his gigantic opponent. King was again told to be active and to keep Heenan on his legs, and, like a good soldier, he obeyed orders, and shifted his ground with great judgment when the American had managed to get within shot. Heenan hunted Tom until he was within reach, when the former buckled and got back laughing. "All right!" responded from Tom's corner, "that's only sparring, and you can get on when you like." A few more feints and some sparring across the ring brought the "big 'uns" together, when Tom King dashed his left heavily on the nose, receiving a "blinker" on the left cheek as he was getting back, and Jack, following King up, succeeded in getting a little one again on the cheek. Tom was riled, and, meeting Heenan with determination, he delivered his right as straight as an arrow on Heenan's jaw, sending Jack's head back from the force of the blow, and making him sniff again. Tom was so gratified with his success that he tried again, but, being too impetuous, he was very short, and ducked to avoid a swinging right hander. Heenan, as quick as lightning, again collared Tom, and, lifting him up, he swung him a couple of times, and then, putting on the lock, down went Master Tom on the broad of his back, with Heenan a-top of him, giving one or two vicious squeezes while on the ground. When King was carried to his corner Jem Mace was very earnest in his requests to Tom to persevere, and to be "first." King listened with great coolness, and, from the eager manner in which he studied Jem's countenance, it was plain the advice was not thrown away.

5. Heenan was the first to respond to the referee's call of "Time," but was quickly faced by King. John feinted with his left, but Tom jumped back, and Boss called out:—"Never mind that, he can't hurt you." The Americ n advanced, and retreated several times by means of the ropes, but he contented himself with breaking gently and softly, widening and lengthening as it imperiectly came in a manner that would have excited the warm admiration of a Claude or a Turner. A few miles further on and the train shot by Tunbridge Wells.

6. The great pace at which the heavy weights had been fighting made them puff and blow, more especially the American, who breathed heavily as he came up, and took a deep inspiration as he put up his hands. King was only marked on the left cheek, and as strong on his legs as when he commenced. Tom followed the advice given by Mace in the fourth round, and met Heenan with the determination to stand his ground, and, as Heenan was full of fight, they soon got together. but, being too impetuous in the first attempts at exchange, missed; they then closed, and each holding with the left hand round the neck, gave and received several severe punches on the face until they fought to the ropes, where both were down, Heenan uppermost, the gigantic antagonists smiling at one another. The effect of the blows were visible on Heenan's nose, mouth and cheek, while Tom only showed a small bump under the left eye, and the previous flushed mark on the left cheek.

7. Heenan, eager as ever, answered quickly to the call of time, and stood for a second or two in the middle of the ring waiting for the East End hero. When they faced each other, Heenan, without loss of time, planted his left on Tom's forehead; this led to a close, in which some lively half arm exchanges took place. Heenan tried for the fall, while King was content with using both hands, and the round ended by the Benicia Boy throwing Tom heavily and falling on him, eliciting loud shouts from the American party.

8. The game was now very fast, the fighting being very spirited. They met in the centre of the ring, and, after sparring until fairly within distance, Heenan feinted with the left, and, thinking that Tom was off his guard, he tried again, just landing on the left cheek. King immediately jumped under the American's guard and delivered the left on the nose and the right on the mouth with terrific severity, loosening a tooth or two. They then closed and fought with both hands desperately until they closed at the ropes, where Heenan threw Tom and added his full weight to the fall. When they were being carried to their corners, Heenan was bleeding from the mouth and "first blood" was claimed and allowed for King amidst uproarious shouts from the East Enders.

9. Both responded simultaneously to the referee's call, and as they walked to the scratch Heenan's face exhibited evident signs of Master Tom's handiwork. King, on the contrary, scarcely showed a mark. No sooner had their seconds delivered them at the scratch than King at once rushed to his man and dashed out his right straight from the shoulder, but was short. Heenan at once closed with him and endeavored to get on his favorite hug, but Tom put the stopper on and forced Heenan down, falling on him. They had now been at it 19 min.

10. Heenan came up flustered and blowing, as well as bleeding freely from the mouth. King was flushed and had his left cheek-bone discolored. There was no sparring, for King, having fresh orders to force the pace, went to work at once and forced exchanges, which were of rather a wild description, until King got fairly within the American's guard. Then Tom, to the dismay of the backers of the American, dashed his left on the nose and his right heavily on the jaw, staggering Heenan, who appeared amazed at the severity of the punishment he received, and, without an attempt to ward off a single blow, he was fought to the ropes in his own corner, where they closed, and after a sharp struggle both were down, King (although he attempted to throw Heenan by a hold under the hams) being under. An appeal of "foul" was followed by a caution from the referee to King in respect of the unfair holding.

11. King, up to this time, was without a mark, while Heenan's left cheek and ear were much swollen, and his nose out of shape. King stood for no repairs, but at once went to work, and punched away from the mouth. Heenan followed suit, but Jack's blows made no visible impression. This "little game" was carried on for some time, each gallantly answering the repeated calls of his partisans, until Heenan forced King down. 21½min. had now elapsed.

12. The tremendous fast fighting caused both men to blow freely when in their corners, and the seconds had plenty of work to send their men up refreshed. Nothing serious was the matter with Tom, but Heenan was bumped on the left cheek, and had his left ear cut from one of King's sledge hammer right handers. When Heenan left his corner, he was followed by Jack McDonald, who wound a handkerchief over his head, in token of Jack's assumed triumph. Tom grinned, and went to work by dancing round Heenan until an opening was perceptible, when he dashed in, and, after a couple of wild exchanges, they closed, and a short struggle for the fall ensued, Heenan getting the throw-in, but failing to give him a fair cross buttock, and, holding him by a regular squeeze round the neck, he fell upon him. When Tom had arrived in his corner, Mace was very industrious, and gave some good advice to force the fighting, and never to allow Heenan to rest.

13. The giants had no sooner faced each other than King made a desperate rush, meeting Heenan full on the face with his left; this brought on a close, and the round was finished by Heenan flinging Tom down and falling on him.

14. Considering the size of the combatants, very little execution had been done. Tom followed the advice given by Mace, for he went straight at his opponent the ball by thrusting his left straight with the left, turning on a fresh tap. Jack countered on the cheek with the left. Tom followed Heenan up, and visited the lump on the left cheek, and closed, when Heenan, by sheer strength, obtained a fair hold, swung Tom on his hip as if he had been a baby, and threw him a tremendous cross-buttock, in which he described a circle in the air, and fell on his back with Heenan on top of him. Jerry Noon was of opinion that this juncture, and his presence of mind in assisting his man was remarkable. They had now been fighting 25 minutes.

15. The fast fighting had told its tale, but John of Benicia was the first to commence operations to go his self in Tom's head, but missed, the blow going over King's shoulder. In a second attempt he was more successful, getting home on the forehead; King then closed, and forced Heenan down, both falling through the ropes. During the struggle for the fall, King took hold, low down, of Heenan's thigh. This was claimed as a foul by the umpire for Heenan, but, after a very noisy discussion, was not allowed; the referee, however, walked across the ring to King's corner, and cautioned him.

16. Heenan was up like a shot at the call of time, and when Tom came out from his corner Jack dashed at him, but only to receive a tremendous left-handed shot over the right eye-brow, cutting it to the bone and causing the claret to flow. Heenan, after a pause, cross-countered King with a terrific left-hander on the cheek-bone, which knocked him back considerably the worse for wear. Heenan was after him and was about to land another, when Tom fell all of a heap. Tom was very much confused when in his corner, and his seconds were busy in administering restoratives, &c., while the other side were delighted in their "turn."

17. Heenan came up bleeding from the cut over the right eye and King was quite groggy from the effects of the left-hander in the previous round. King, however, was the first to commence hostilities by rushing at his adversary and planting his left full on Heenan's face; John countered him smartly on the side of the head, and they at once closed, and Heenan, while trying to get his man in position for throwing, received a severe punishment from both hands, but King, however, in the end, was sent to grass by Heenan, who fell by Tom's side. Time, 28 minutes.

18. Heenan was blowing, bleeding from the eye and much swollen about the cheek and nose. After some little sparring, King went headlong in, and, after one left-handed counter, succeeded in his aim by getting inside Heenan's guard, and administering some very heavy punishment with both hands, literally driving Heenan to the ropes, where the latter was straightened out by a straight left hand round the waist, lifted him up in his arms, and after giving him a swing, he back-heeled Tom and fell heavily upon him. King's head came with terrific force on the ground, Heenan was lifted off him King was unconscious, and it required all the skill and attention of his seconds to bring him to anything like a sense of his position. The backers of Heenan were uproarious, and the East Enders proportionately chopfallen.

19. Great confusion was created by numerous backers of both men breaking into the ring, and it was with difficulty the referee could get it cleared. This, as a matter of course, afforded "our Tom" an interval of rest, and when the men faced each other King made one of his desperate rushes, and got well home with both hands on the mouth and left cheek; he then forced Heenan to the ropes, where he administered some severe punishment, and, to the surprise of all present, quite turned the tables. This raised the before drooping spirits of his friends to perfect ecstacy, and, as King was carried to his corner, he was received with the most uproarious shouts of applause and congratulation, while the turn things had taken in this round had a corresponding effect on the American backers, their hopes being dashed to the lowest ebb.

20. Heenan, as he came up, was bleeding profusely, and his left cheek dreadfully discolored. King had quite recovered from his fall, and obeyed the wishes of his seconds by going straight up to Heenan and planting with great severity on the mouth and jaw. This staggered poor Heenan, and, never afterwards allowing him a moment's rest, Tom got him to the ropes, where he pushed Jack away, and Heenan fell, evidently from weakness.

21. Confusion was worse confounded, the ring being pressed upon all sides, and it was a task of the utmost difficulty to get a couple of men into position. Both were slow to the call of time, but when up King at once went to work, delivering heavily, left and right, on Heenan's mouth and left eye, cutting his lip completely through, and denging him with the things of his. Heenan most gamely returned to the charge, but his seconds backed again, and made scarcely any impression on the visage of Tom, who clutched his opponent, and completely flung him down, Heenan falling on his hands and knees, Heenan never to be seen by his second, and King started to renew the round, but was, of course, taken to his corner.

22. The American came up reeling, and not a nice object to look at, King, finding Tom very groggy, went in for the fall, and forcing Heenan into his own corner he milled away until Heenan fell all of a heap.

23. King had, to all intents and purposes, the winning card in his hand, a second rounding for Heenan, who came up very weak and tottering. King at once went to him and delivered several blows, fighting Heenan to the ropes where he fell, his face a deep crimson from the ugly visitations of the Sailor Boy.

24. Heenan was rough and ready, but his defence was beyond all question a certainty. He could scarcely stand when lifted from his second's knee, and literally staggered to the scratch. Heenan never appeared, but went in and fought most gamely with King's rush as well as his terrible powers would allow him; but the latter could scarcely hold up a hand. Tom soon disposed of him by fighting him down in the centre of the ring amidst cries and shouts of "Take away!" The fight was over. With this round, McDonald threw up the sponge and King was declared the victor, after fighting exactly 35 minutes.

Immediately the result of the fight was generally known, a scene of wild excitement ensued. Heenan was very much punished, his face being swollen to nearly double its natural size. It was some time before he recovered himself, when he vomited distressingly, and was evidently suffering much. Sayers, after a time, properly brought King to the Benicia Boy, and made them shake hands before leaving the ground. Directly the sensation had cooled down, a general move was made for the train for the return journey to London. King was hugged to the train, seeing that his colors were distributed to his friends, and returned to town with the fighting party. Heenan was left at Wadhurst. The train returned by the usual route, but shunted, and came into London at the Brickiayers' Arms Station at five minutes after two o'clock. Here a tremendous crowd assembled, and the news of King's victory from that moment rapidly spread through the metropolis.

REMARKS.

Considering the world-wide reputation of Heenan, and that the great contest was looked upon by every one as the second test of the American's prowess, the encounter must be considered a failure, and a great disappointment to his backers. He fought incomparably below his form when he met Tom Sayers at Farnsborough, and in truth there can be no disguising the fact that Heenan had little left of his former self as a straight and scientific hitter. Whether the fenting and circus career imparied him we cannot venture to say, but he has most certainly fallen off in every way. He was much slower than heretofore, his blows did no execution, and scarcely left any marks of their visits. Although a fit man could by unwearying dilligence and care be brought, he fell off in a most extraordinary manner, and could not even achieve a victory over King. When the latter was feeling like a drunken man, from the effects of the back-fall in the eighteenth round. From weakness, or some other cause, Heenan was not only unable to take advantage of the almost prostrate state of King, but allowed Tom, from the nineteenth round, to take such a lead that the gallant competitor of Tom Sayers was beaten to a stand-still at the conclusion of the twenty-fourth bout. The sudden manner in which Heenan fell weak must arise from constitutional infirmity, as seldom or never has a man been gifted with more muscular power, which was proved by the easy and effective manner in which he disposed of Tom King when an opportunity was accorded him to bring his great wrestling powers into to rue. There was too much hugging to conform to our ideas respecting the manner of conducting a fair stand-up fight, but as the rules of the ring do not disallow a discretionary use of the system, it will be some time before it is barred. John Heenan, as heretofore, displayed the greatest gameness and resolution. When so weak that he could scarcely stand he went up to take punishment with the heart of a lion, and we can only remark that, although Heenan was defeated, he is not disgraced. Tom King was once more victorious and achieved a success after having received—first, a flush hit on the cheek that would settle most men, and, secondly, a back fall that nearly put his chance right out; and had he not been one of the gamest of the game, he never would have struggled to face his opponent in the groggy state that he was in at the commencement of the nineteenth round.

From the London *Times'* report of the fight we extract the following:—

Up to this point the advantages of the fight have been upon the side of the American, although the violence and speed with which he has fought, failing no less heavily than his antagonist to the ground at every other round, have begun to show terrible and exhausting effects upon him. Now, at the commencement of the 17th round, there is a waver of doubt whether King may not hold himself well enough together to out-last Heenan; but this idea is abandoned when, at the close, he falls with such a dreadful dead weight that, even while the dull, heavy sound is still in every ear, a cry arises 'That the fight is over" and "King can't come to time!" Upon this the partial rule to which the spectators have been subject is swept away. They break past their boundaries, trampling over the legs and bodies of quieter or less active witnesses, and away backwards and forward in masses, close upon the ropes, hungry for a sight of the defeated man. No efforts of the ring keepers can restore order. The ring is intact, but visible only to those bruisers who have forced their way to the front, and whose closely wedged bodies shut out the view from all others. But it is presently evident that the heraldings of King's defeat were premature, for above the heads of all the bystanders the two gigantic naked forms, urged forward by their seconds, are again seen to approach each other, and emid louder and more exultant cries the contest is renewed with unabated ferocity and keenness. It is declared—with what accuracy it is impossible at the moment to discover—that King has, with difficulty, been restored in time for the 18th round, and that Heenan, counting now upon an easy conquest, is becoming wildly incautious, and the event would seem to justify this statement, for, with a more cruel and resounding blow than any yet delivered, King's powerful fist falls full in the American's face, and, closing with him, he dashed him to the earth, almost insensible.

From the statements received from New Yorkers who were present at the battle, we learn that, though Heenan lost the fight upon his merits, had the rules been strictly observed, and appeals made when they should have been by his seconds, the referee (as he afterwards stated himself) would have been compelled to decide in Heenan's favor. After the close of the 17th round, when it was generally believed that King had been knocked out of time, some twenty persons entered the ring to assist, it is thought, in bringing the latter up again. About three-quarters of a minute elapsed before time was called, and when it *was* called Heenan left his corner and advanced to the scratch, but King had not yet left his corner, whereupon Heenan returned

BASE BALL.

TOUR OF THE HARVARD CLUB.

HARVARD vs. FOREST CITY.

Below is the score of the second game between the Harvard nine and the Forest Citys, played at Cleveland on the 16th:—

FOREST CITY.

	Batting.					Fielding.				
	O.	R.	1B.	2B.	3B.	H.	P.	A.	E.	T.
White, c	3	0	1	1	0	1	2	0	4	6	3
Ward, s s	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	0	3	5
Pratt, p	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
Parker, r f	3	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	0
Carleton, 1st b	2	1	1	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	1
Allison, c f	3	1	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	3	0
Kimball, 2d b	3	1	1	2	0	1	1	3	0	4	3
Heubel, l f	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0
Brown, 3d b	5	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	27	7	6	10	7	5	9	14	4	27	14

HARVARDS.

Eustis, r f	5	0	1	1	0	0	2	0	0	2	0
Wells, c f	4	1	1	1	0	0	3	0	0	3	0
Perrin, 1st b	3	1	1	1	0	0	9	0	0	9	0
Bush, c	3	2	2	2	0	0	4	0	3	7	3
Austin, s s	4	2	1	1	0	0	1	3	0	4	2
Goodwin, p	3	2	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	3
Thorp, l f	3	1	2	3	2	0	1	0	0	1	0
White, 2d b	3	2	2	2	1	0	1	2	0	3	4
Reynolds, 3d b	3	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	3	3
Totals	27	15	14	18	6	3	11	13	3	27	15

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Forest City	1	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	1	—7
Harvard	0	0	1	1	0	1	5	3	4	—15

Umpire—Mr. Willard, ex-captain of Harvard Club. Scorers, Messrs. Smith and Barnes. Time of game, 2 hours and 30 minutes.

HARVARD vs. RED STOCKINGS.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE REDS.

The game between the Harvards and Cincinnatis came off on the Union grounds, Cincinnati, on the 18th, and the result was that the Reds only escaped defeat by an extraordinary run of luck in the ninth innings, the score at the end of the eighth standing 17 to 12 against them, though the game opened handsomely for the Red Legs. The Mutual Club had reached Porkopolis the day before, and were spectators, and Charley Mills was selected for umpire. The Harvards had an engagement to play in Portsmouth the next day (Tuesday), but as they could not complete their game with the Reds in time to take the evening boat up the Ohio, they induced the Mutuals to take their place. In consequence of this arrangement Mills had to leave at the close of the sixth innings. His place was supplied for the balance of the game by Willard, who is a member of both clubs and is now traveling with the Harvards, as sub. The Harvards being agnt to the bat, the game opened by Leonard taking a liner from Eustis, G. Wright sending Wells' grounder to Gould, and Leonard gobbling Perrin's foul on the bound. The Reds made four, though only saved from a whitewash by Austin's bad throw of Geo. Wright's bounder. Wells muffed a fly. In the fourth innings Brainard was struck in the head by a liner from Bush; H. Wright, consequently, pitched in the fifth and sixth, during which time the Harvards scored ten runs, though these were mostly due to fielding errors, the Reds playing loosely. The Reds made but one in the next two innings, the Collegians the same, leaving a couple of whitewashes, and after again blanking them in the ninth, they went to the bat with 5 to tie and 6 to win staring them in the face. Allison, their first striker, hit a bounder to Reynolds, and was handsomely fielded out at first. H. Wright sent a safe fly to right field, making first. He stole second, and, as Bush overthrew, he went on to third, where he would have been left but for the wild play of the Harvards. Leonard fouled out. Two out and no runs. Brainard hit to Reynolds, who had plenty of time to put him out at first, but foolishly threw to the home plate, where H. Wright had already arrived. This piece of bad judgment lost the collegians the game. Sweasy drove a terrific ball at Goodwin's leg, almost breaking it. The latter was stretched out for a while, but finally resumed pitching, though with less speed and effect. The Reds now took a streak of batting, and, aided by loose fielding, ran up a score of 8. All through the game Goodwin's wild balls bothered the Porkites considerably, and their batting was remarkably weak and poor, while the Harvards seemed to hit both Brainard and Wright very freely. Both George Wright and Sweasy were still very lame, the former particularly so. His playing was, in consequence, not up to his standard. Both umpires were extremely impartial, but both were too lenient on the pitchers. A friendly game between the Harvards and Mutuals has been arranged for the 20th, and the next day is fixed for the Mutual-Red Stocking game. We append the score:—

Harvard.	O.	R.	B.	T.	Cincinnati.	O.	R.	B.	T.
Eustis, r f	4	1	3	6	G. Wright, s s	4	2	1	2
Wells, c f	4	1	1	1	Gould, 1st b	4	2	1	2
Perrin, 1st b	5	1	1	2	Waterman, 3d b	1	4	5	3
Bush, c	3	2	2	2	Allison, c	4	3	1	2
Austin, s s	4	2	1	1	H. Wright, c f	4	2	1	1
Goodwin, p	3	2	1	1	Leonard, l f	4	2	1	2
Thorp, l f	3	1	2	3	Brainard, p	3	2	2	2
White, 2d b	3	2	2	2	Sweasy, 2d b	3	2	2	4
Reynolds, 3d b	3	1	1	1	McVey, r f	3	1	1	0
Totals	37	17	15	20	Totals	37	20	12	18

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harvard	0	3	0	4	3	7	0	0	0	—17
Cincinnati	4	0	1	0	4	0	1	0	2	—12

Umpire—C. Mills, Mutual Club.

HARVARD vs. MUTUALS.

THEIR GAME IN CINCINNATI.

The Harvard Club and the Mutuals, having met on their home ground in Cincinnati last week, a game was arranged to take place on the Union grounds, Cincinnati, on the 20th. An audience of about twenty-five hundred was present, who witnessed a good game. The fielding generally was fine, and the batting of both nines was excellent. Harry Wright was selected as umpire. Double plays were made by Reynolds and Goodwin in the sixth innings, and in the second by White and Perrine. Bush did most of the pitching for the Harvards, White catching and Goodwin playing second. The out-fielding of the Mutuals was very effective, Patterson and Eggler each getting three flies, and McMahon two. On the other side, Wells and Eustis each had a muff recorded against them. The batting of the collegians was the heavier, their total bases being 26 to 27 for the Yorkers, Eustis, Bush and White getting home runs. The weak point of the Harvards was their throwing, which was often wild. It was partly this fault which gave the Mutuals 10 in the fifth innings. The score is as follows:—

Harvard.	O.	R.	B.	T.	Mutual.	O.	R.	B.	T.
Eustis, r f	3	3	4	9	Hatfield, s s	3	3	3	5
Wells, c f	3	1	3	3	Eggler, c f	4	2	2	3
Perrine, 1st b	3	1	1	1	Patterson, 1 f	4	2	1	2
Bush, c	3	2	2	4	Nelson, 3d b	3	2	3	4
Austin, s s	4	1	2	2	E. Mills, 1st b	4	3	1	3
Goodwin, p	3	1	1	1	McMahon, r f	3	1	2	2
Thorp, l f	3	1	0	0	C. Mills, c	3	0	2	2
White, 2d b	3	1	3	2	Wolters, p	4	1	2	3
Reynolds, 3d b	2	3	1	1	Swandell, 2d b	3	3	3	5
Totals	27	15	15	25	Totals	27	23	20	27

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harvard	0	0	4	3	0	0	1	2	0	—15
Mutual	1	2	0	2	10	3	4	1	0	—22

First base on errors—Harvard, 9; Mutual, 12. Home runs—Eustis, Bush and White. Base play—Put out on bases—Harvard, 8; Mutual, 18. Runs earned—Harvard, 7; Mutual, 11. Fly catches—Harvard, 10; Mutual, 18. Foul bound catches—Harvard, 1; Mutual, 3. Caught out on strikes—Harvard, 3; Mutual, 0. Double plays—White and Perrine, Reynolds and Goodwin—2. Umpire—Mr. H. Wright, of the Cincinnati Club. Scorers—Messrs Barnes and Wilstach. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

ALPHA vs. ATHLETIC.

These two amateur clubs of Brooklyn, the former of the Western District and the latter of the Eastern, had their first game together this season on July 19th, on the Union grounds, the contest proving to be quite an interesting game. The Athletics had their full nine out and calculated upon making a good show for victory, but from some cause or other they failed to play up to their usual mark, especially in the early part of the game. The Alpinas had all of their nine out except Hillyer, and they missed his services at first base. They presented their new pitcher in this game, and he proved himself to be a valuable acquisition to the nine. The game opened with the retirement of the Athletics for a blank, and the Alphas would have followed suit but for errors made by Richardson, Proctor and Naylor, by which the Athletics scored 2 runs. In the third innings, too, the Alphas were similarly assisted to 2 more runs when they did not earn them, the close of the third innings leaving the totals at 4 to 0 in favor of the Alphas. In the fourth and fifth innings the Alphas did a little in the muffin business, which assisted their opponents to 6 runs; but the Athletics returned the compliment by allowing the Alphas to add 8 runs to their score when all they earned was 3. In the fifth innings the Athletics put in Naylor to pitch, in place of Richardson, though there was no need of any such change, as only one run had been earned off Richardson's pitching in four innings, and unless runs are earned off a pitcher, and he is thereby "punished," the pitching is not in fault. In this case it was the poor support which was the weak point and not the pitching. Naylor was no improvement, for he was hit for two earned runs in his first innings, and, moreover, he does not pitch the ball, but jerks it. In the four innings of the game the Athletics improved in their fielding, and hence but one run was scored by their opponents, the Athletics scoring and earning 3 on their side; but the ground lost in the early part of the contest could not be recovered, and the final result was that the Alphas came out of the fight victorious by a score of 13 to 9. The right score should have been 14 to 3 in their favor.

Of the play, we make mention favorably of Moody's excellent catching, Crane's second base play, Hull at third base, James at short field, and Remsen, too, at centre field. The pitching was very effective. On the other side Bennett's catching was praiseworthy, as also Booth's second base play, Noonan's short fielding, and Wiggins' play at centre field. In batting, Remsen, James and Frederick took the lead on one side, and Bennett, Richardson and Proctor on the other. We have specially to speak of the excellence of the umpiring, Mr. Price rendering his decisions promptly and impartially, while he strictly observed the new rules of the game. We give below the new score of a base ball match, in which the record of the outs and runs are left out, neither outs nor runs affording the slightest criterion of a batsman's play, or on the play of a base runner. The figures given are those showing the number of times each batsman made his first base by clean hits, the total bases so made, the total number of players each put out, and the number of times each assisted. This record, with that of the runs scored and earned each innings, will suffice for the majority of games played:—

Athletic.	1B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	Alpha.	1B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.
Wiggins, c f	0	0	0	1	0	0	Frederick, r f	3	3	2	0	1	0
Proctor, 3d b	2	2	2	0	1	1	Remsen, c f	4	4	3	1	1	0
Noonan, s s	1	1	1	2	0	2	James, 2d b	3	3	2	0	2	2
Booth, 2d b	0	0	0	0	0	0	Hall, 3d b	1	1	1	0	0	2
Ireland, r f	1	1	1	0	0	0	Moody, c	1	2	2	0	1	0
Bennett, c	3	3	3	1	7	1	Waterman, p	0	0	0	0	0	1
Richardson, p	0	0	0	0	0	0	Lansdell, 1st b	1	1	1	7	0	0
Cook, l f	0	0	0	0	0	0	Valentine, l f	0	0	0	1	0	0
Naylor, 1st b	1	2	2	15	0	0	Taylor, c s	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	11	15	17	13			Totals	15	15	11	10		

Innings—Runs Scored.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	0	0	0	0	3	0	7	0	0—9
Alpha	2	0	2	0	2	0	6	1	0—13
Runs Earned.									
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Alpha	2	0	2	0	2	0	0	1	0—7

First base by errors—Athletic, 5; Alpha, 3. Total fielding—Athletic, 17; Alpha, 12. Umpire—Mr. Price, of the Rockford Club. Time of game—One hour and fifty minutes.

TRI-MOUNTAIN vs. JUNIORS.

The Tri-Mountain Club played a picked nine, composed of juniors attached to different Boston clubs, on the 20th inst., the score of which game we present below:—

Tri-Mountains.	O.	R.	Juniors.	O.	R.
Sullivan, p	3	3	Edwards, c	4	1
Barrows, 2d b	3	3	Wester, p	3	0
Hagan, 3	3	3	Wilson, 1 f	3	0
Sanderson, 2d b	3	0	Clapp, 2d b	4	0
Kelley, s s	3	1	Towle, 1st b	4	2
Chandler, r f	3	1	Perkins, s s	4	2
Harris, c f	3	0	Bennett, r f	4	1
Jones, 1st b	3	1	Dolan, c f	3	1
Brown, l f	3	0	Tufts, 3d b	3	1
Total	30	12	Total	32	8

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Tri-Mountain	0	3	0	1	1	1	0	1	5—12
Juniors	4	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	0—8

Umpire—A. Geyser, of the Lowell Club. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

THE MUTUAL MUFFIN MATCH.

The Home Guard of the Mutual Muffins had a game on the Union grounds, L. I., July 20th. They played with an elastic ball, and in nearly every innings it was sent to the out field for three base hits and home runs, a style of batting peculiar to muffin nines. We give the score of outs and runs, the only score suitable for a muffin match:—

Green Stockings.	O.	R.	No Stockings.	O.	R.
Williams, p	4	5	Gaynan, 2d b	4	3
Hayes, c	3	7	Beard, 1st b	6	1
Hurley, 3d b	4	3	Nichols, p	3	6
McCaffrey, 2d b	4	4	Crawford, 3d b	3	3
Wilder, 1st b	3	5	Hoffman, s s	3	3
Christie, s s	4	4	Gunderson, c f	3	3
Bell, l f	3	2	Taylor, r f	3	2
Hyland, c f	3	4	Ellery, l f	3	2
Pat Hayes, r f	3	4	Gallagher, c	3	3
Total	35		Total	30	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Green Stockings	6	1	1	9	7	10	2	4	5	—45
No Stockings	3	1	4	5	0	4	6	6	1	—30

Umpire—Mr. Warren, of the Mutual Club. Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes.

Since the first nine of the Mutuals have been playing with a dead ball they have not lost a game.

July 6. Mutual vs. Chicago, Brooklyn, 13 to 4.
July 11. Mutual vs. Maryland, Baltimore, 21 to 10.
July 12. Mutual vs. Pastime, Baltimore, 34 to 18.
July 13. Mutual vs. Olympic, Washington, 29 to 8.
July 14. Mutual vs. National, Washington, 11 to 1.
July 16. Mutual vs. Wheeling, Va., 45 to 14.
July 19. Mutual vs. Riverside, Portsmouth, O., 31 to 17.
July 20. Mutual vs. Harvard, Cincinnati, 22 to 15.

The game announced for Thursday, July 21, between the Mutuals and the Red Stocking nine, of Cincinnati, did not take place, by reason of a heavy rain storm prevailing during the day. The Mutuals left Cincinnati the same evening and were to arrive in Chicago on Friday morning and play the Amateur Club in the afternoon and the White Stockings on Saturday afternoon. On Monday they were to play the crack Forest City nine at Rockford, Ill., together with several other clubs during the week. On the 30th they will return to Cincinnati and play the Red Stockings, returning directly home after that game.

CHAMPIONSHIP of WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

The first game for the championship of Western Pennsylvania, between the Allegheny and Osceola clubs, was played at Union Park, Allegheny, on the 14th inst. The attendance was very large, and great interest was manifested in the game. R. G. Sutton, of Indiana, having been chosen as umpire, the game began at 4 o'clock, with the Allegheny at the bat. The first innings terminated with a blank for both clubs, but in the second innings, the Allegheny, by superb batting, assisted by the poor fielding of the Osceola, made 19 runs. This ultimately decided the game, the score of which is appended:—

Osceola.	O.	R.	B.	Allegheny.	O.	R.	B.
Riley, 2d b	5	2	3	McKnight, c	3	5	5
Kober, 1st b	5	0	2	Irwin, 1st b	5	4	3
Shannon, p	5	1	1	Riddle, c f	4	3	3
Fox, s s	5	0	1	Huwer, D., 2d b	4	5	2
Stevens, c	4	0	3	Graham, s s	5	2	2
Davis c f	3	3	1	Huwer, D., 3d b	4	2	2
Fulton, r f	3	3	2	Moore, p	4	2	3
Johns, 3d b	3	1	2	Rinehart, l f	4	3	2
Metzger, l f	3	2	4	Carothers, r f	3	4	3
Totals	37	21	23	Totals	37	37	26

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Osceola	0	0	5	1	4	1	4	2	1	—21
Allegheny	0	19	1	2	3	7	0	1	0	—37

Fly catches—Fox, 2; Riley, 2; Johns, 2; Stevens, 1; Kober, 1; Shannon, 1; Metzger, 1—9; Riddle, 2; Moore, 3; McKnight, 1; Rinehart, 1; Irwin, 1; Huwer, D., 1; Graham, 1; Carothers, 1—12. Left on bases—Kober, 2; Shannon, 1; Fox, 1; Stevens, 3; Davis, 1; Fulton, 1; Johns, 1; Metzger, 1—10; Riddle, 2; Irwin, 1; Graham, 1—4. Home runs—Rinehart 1. Umpire—R. G. Sutton, of the Monitor Club, of Indiana. Scorers—Cal. Rayburn and K. M. Steel. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

MANSFIELD vs. WESLEYAN.

This game excited great interest last week in Middletown, Conn., ever since the Stars, of Brooklyn, played these two organizations, the score of the two clubs with the Stars being in about the same proportion. The game was all one-sided from the start, the Mansfields knocking the lively ball that the Wesleyan put on all over the field. We give the score:—

Mansfield.	O.	R.	T.B.	T.	Wesleyan.	O.	R.	T.B.	T.
Smith, p	3	3	3	3	Ransom, c	3	2	2	1
Arnold, s s	1	5	8	5	Phillips, p	3	1	1	3
Seth H. Plumb, l f	2	4	5	0	Dwight, r f	4	1	2	1
Furniss, 3d b	2	3	7	5	Crafts, s s	4	2	1	1
H. Sel Plumb, c	3	4	8	4	Ferber, 2d b	3	2	2	0
Noble, 1st b	4	5	4	3	Smith, c f	3	2	2	0
Fields, 3d b	5	3	3	0	Kent, 1 f	3	3	3	2
Bentley, c f	5	5	3	0	Ingraham, 1st b	3	1	1	2
Douglas, r f	3	3	5	0	Toy, 3d b	4	0	0	1
Totals	27	37	48	15	Totals	27	15	14	10

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mansfield	9	8	6	0	6	1	1	5	1	—37
Wesleyan	1	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	2	—10

Umpire—Wm. Duffield. Scorers—Messrs. Wheaton and Crafts. This now will settle which is the best playing club.

STARS vs. HARMONICS.

The *corps de reserve* of these clubs had a pleasant game together on the Capitoline grounds on July 20th, the result of which was a victory for the Harmonics, as will be seen by the appended score:—

Harmonic.	1B.	TB.	PO.	A.	Star.	1B.	TB.	PO.	A.
Bennett, 1st b	3	6	9	1	Powers, 1st b	1	1	9	0
Russell, p	0	0	1	5	Chilton, p	2	4	2	0
Walsh, l f	4	6	0	0	Lowell, 3d b	5	5	1	0
Early, s s	3	4	2	0	Sterling, 2d b	4	5	2	1
Bryan, c f	2	5	0	0	Randall, s s	4	6	0	0
Phillips, c	2	5	14	1	Stanwood, c	1	1	7	0
Furey, 2d b	3	3	1	0	Calahan, l f	3	4	1	0
Taylor, 3d b	3	3	1	2	Fiske, c	3	3	0	1
Bawn, r f	2	2	1	0	Lewis, c f	2	2	0	0
Totals	21	44	24	7	Totals	23	28	24	2

Innings—Runs Scored.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Harmonic	6	4	0	8	2	1	3	7—31	
Star	4	1	6	4	0	0	8	1—24	
Runs Earned.									
Harmonic	0	0	0	2	1	2	3—8		
Star	4	0	0	3	0	0	4	1—12	

First base by errors—Harmonics, 14; Stars, 8. Umpire—Mr. Lewis, of the Harmonic Club. Time of game—2 hours and 45 minutes.

STAR vs. COHOCKSINK.

On the afternoon of July 18th the first of a series of games between the amateur Stars, of Philadelphia, and the Cohocton club was contested, the former achieving a victory per the score below:—

Star.	O.	R.	Cohocksink.	O.	R.
Banker, r f	3	4	Shellwill, c	3	4
Sebley, c f	4	4	Cooker, p	2	4
De Silvers, s s	2	5	Lutz, 1st b	3	4
Wood, 3d b	4	4	Knoch, 2d b	3	2
L. Miller, 1st b	3	5	Knor, 3d b	3	2
Gilmore, p	2	2	Lechler, s s	4	4
McIlwaine, 2d b	1	4	Weisel, l f	1	4
G. Miller, l f	3	3	Kirker, c f	1	4
Horner, c	3	3	Brown, r f	3	2
Total	33		Total	26	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	6	3	2	1	5	4	3	7—36		
Cohocksink	3	2	3	3	3	5	3	4—26		

Umpire—Mr. Steer, of the Philadelphia Mutual Club. Time of game—Three hours and thirty minutes.

The Stars are ready to entertain challenges from all first class amateur clubs.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC.

The Pacific Base Ball Convention, at its meeting in June, put up as a trophy for the championship a very handsome bat, and it was awarded to a drawing to the Atlantic Club, of San Francisco. The first game for its possession came off at the Recreation Grounds July 4th, between the Eagles and Atlantics. The following is the score:—

Eagle.	O.	R.	Atlantic.	O.	R.
Hainer, 3d b	3	3	Bennett, 3d b	1	2
Keating, 2d b	3	3	J. Kerrigan, s s	3	2
Miller, p	2	3	Nixon, 1st b	3	1
Curran, c	4	2	Lemmer, l f	6	1
Calvert, s s	3	3	Williams, c	3	3
Stroud, l f	6	0	D. Kerrigan, c f	4	2
Beck, c f	3	3	Biard, p	3	4
Hicks, r f	1	4	Armstrong, 3d b	3	2
Fisher, 1st b	3	3	Cashman, r f	3	2
Total	28		Total	29	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eagle	6	0	3	0	3	4	3	7	0	—28
Atlantic	0	8	3	0	1	0	1	7	0	—19

Home runs—Keating, 1; J. Williams, 1. Umpire—Jas. Aitken, of Wide Awakes. Scorers—John L. Durkee and Thos. Welch. Time of game—2 hours and 40 minutes.

SOCIAL vs. EQUITY.

These metropolitan clubs had a tussle at Greenville, N. J., on the 23d inst., the result of which appears below:—

Social.	O.	R.	Equity.	O.	R.
Dr. Bell, p	2	6	Goodrich, c f	1	4
Duke, 1st b	1	7	Vanderveer, 1st b	3	4
Eggler, 2d b	1	7	Connolly, r f	3	4
Reese, 3d b	3	6	Moore, c	1	4
Carsie, c	5	3	Lynch, s s	3	3
Stotz, c f	3	5	Mascher, 1 f	4	3
Hatfield, s s	3	3	Hofell, 3d b	3	2
Snyder, l f	6	1	Murphy, 2d b	5	1
Lyons, r f	3	4	Owens, l f	3	3
Total	41		Total	30	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Social	3	6	11	3	4	1	3	0	5	—36
Equity	3	2	1	2	3	4	1	2	0	—18

Umpire—Mr. Felix. Scorers—Messrs. Weymouth and Smith. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

CONCORD vs. OSCEOLA.

The Capitoline grounds was the spot chosen for a game between the above named clubs—the former of Brooklyn and the latter of New York—on July 21st, the issue of which is told by the score:—

Concord.	O.	R.	Osceola.	O.	R.
Smack, s s	4	5	Pilley, p	5	1
Rowe, c	3	6	Shehen, 2d b	6	0
Rankin, p	2	7	Jackson, l f	4	3
Kohler, 3d b	4	4	Lang, 1st b	4	2
Woody, c f	3	7	Dixon, c f	3	3
Duck, l f	3	7	Sibley, 3d b	1	5
Graves, 2d b	2	6	Gregory, s s	2	3
Neefus, 1st b	1	4	Grady, 1st b	3	3
Decker, r f	3	5	Chase, r f	2	2
Total	45		Total	36	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Concord	6	14	2	9	4	2	1	10	0	—48
Osceola	6	2	0	4	5	5	1	3	0	—36

THE FOREST CITY, OF CLEVELAND.—A business meeting of this club was held on the 18th inst. at the Weddell House, when Messrs. Ford, Evans and S. T. Everett were chosen directors in place of Rouse and Pettit, resigned. The programme for their tour is as follows:—

Flower City, Rochester, Aug. 12.
Haymakers, Troy, Aug. 13.
Harvard in New York, Aug. 15.
Atlantics, Brooklyn, Aug. 16.
Mutuals, New York, Aug. 18.
Unions, Morrisania, Aug. 19.
Stars, Brooklyn, Aug. 24.
Athletics, Philadelphia, Aug. 22.
Keystones, Philadelphia, Aug. 23.
Marylands, Baltimore, Aug. 25.
Olympics, Washington, Aug. 26.
Nationals, Washington, Aug. 27.
Alleghenys, Pittsburgh, Aug. 30.

Brown has retired from the nine and his place will hereafter be filled by Palmer, late of the Keystones, who will play as short stop and change pitcher. Great expectations are indulged in by the club and their friends as to the results of the trip.

ALERT, OF SOUTH ORANGE, VS. AMATEUR, OF NEWARK.—On May 2d the secretary of the Amateur Club, of Newark, challenged the Alerts, of Seton Hall, by letter, naming the College Grounds as the locality of the contest, and leaving the date of the match optional with the Alerts. The latter were unable to accept the challenge until the 26th of June, when the challenge was accepted and the 28th named as the day of the match. The Amateurs failed to put in an appearance, however, and as the Alerts were on hand at the appointed time and waited until thirty minutes after, they now claim the game as perfected by a score of 9 to 0. Their claim is legal beyond a doubt.

TOURNAMENT IN IOWA.—There is to be a grand state tournament held at Des Moines, Iowa, on Aug. 31st., Sept. 1st and 2d. All the principal clubs in the state have entered, we hear, and a large attendance is expected. The premiums will be $30, $20 and $10, besides the usual small prizes for individual play. The Red Stockings and Forest Citys of Rockford, will probably attend and play a match game. Picked nines are also expected to play each of these clubs.

CRACK JUNIOR GAME.—The Barnside and Fly Away clubs had a spirited game on Tuesday, which ended in favor of the former, with a score of 14 to 3. A "dead ball" was used and several handsome displays of fielding were made.

AQUATICS.

NORTHWESTERN AMATEUR BOATING ASSOCIATION.

The second annual regatta of this association, one of the finest amateur rowing organizations in American waters, came off at Detroit, Mich., on the Detroit river, on Thursday and Friday, July 14 and 15, and proved a splendid display in every respect, the entire regatta reflecting the greatest credit upon the board of officers and the members of the association. While congratulating them upon the unqualified success of this grand boating demonstration, we hope that each succeeding year will witness its superior, until the "N. A. B. A." reaches the perfection of amateur oarsmanship. The weather was all that the most enthusiastic boatman or lover of rowing sport could wish, and there was a large turn out of spectators, representing the various cities in which are clubs belonging to the association.

FIRST DAY, JULY 14.

First on the programme was a single scull race, 1½ miles, for a silver cup. The entries were Wm. Curtis and W. H. Snyder, of Chicago, and Geo. Turner, of Saginaw City, all of whom responded to the call shortly after 3 o'clock P. M. Curtis gained the lead by a few quick and strong strokes, which he easily maintained, coming home two hundred and fifty yards in advance of Snyder, who led Turner a good distance, winning the race in 12:44.

This was followed by a six-oared shell race, 3 miles; 1st prize, champion flag, silver water urn and goblets for club, and a gold charm for each member of the crew; 2d, silver water urn and goblet. The entries were five in number

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

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LADIES' LIST.

Booth, Josie
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Berrell, Mrs. M. J. (2)
Coppell, Cordelia
C. D. L.
Carender, Leona
DeVere, Fannie
DeBrent, Amy
DeLee, Julia
Eldridge, Sallie E.
Estelle, Katie
Edwards, Maggie
Edwards, Nellie
Fair, May
Grattan, Emma
Gibson, Clara A.
Graham, Marie
Gilbert, Alice
Gault, Laura
Howard, Victoria
Hubbard, Addie (2)
Hearn, Addie
Hallean, Mad.
Irma, Mlle.
Johnson, Nellie
Jones, Mrs. H.
Llewellyn, Annie
Macart, Blanche
Macart Sisters,
Morton, Ida
Newton, Ada
O'Harrs, Mrs. F.
Pitt, Emily
Post, Mrs. E. M.
Buckman, Julia
Steward, Ada
Smith, Millie
Tracy, Imogene
Wray, Louisa Payne
Weston, Flora
Washburn, Emma 10c
Whiting, Edith
Way, Fanny Herring
Williams, Mrs. Harry
Weber, Lisa
Wells, Minnie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Agust, Henri
Arlington, Billy (2)
Austin, Chas.
Armstrong, J. H.
Bensley, Jas. (2)
Buckley, G. Swaine
Byrne, Robert
Burns, Jack
Bernardo, T.
Benoit, O.
Brown, Sandford,
Bidwell, David (3)
Barbour, W. W.
Brimmer, Law
Birch, Johnny
Baldwin, C. S.
Budd, Jake
Chaddy, H.
Cavell, Chas.
Catlett, Tim
Crawford, Frank
Cunningham, Edw'd.
Cooke, Sydney
Charles, W.
Cobb, Willis
Campbell, Frank
Carroll, E. M.
Cotton, Ben
Clark, Geo. M.
Crane, Smith
Carter, Billy
DeBar, Ben
Doland, Edwin
Dobson, Frank (2)
Dickenson, Chas.
DeHaven, Ned
Denier, John
Dunn, John
Davis, Harry (2)
Dallas, Nelson (2)
Davies, H. Rees
Doud, O. B.
Dedaux, Prof.
Dunn, T.
DeVere, Wm.
Davidson, Wm.
Gilbert, Richard
Forrester, N. C.
Fish, James
Foote, Com. (2)
Fielding, John
Fielding, John
Frye, Chas. H.
Florence, Geo. A.
Fowler, W. W.
Gumpert, Louis (2)
Griffiths, Edwin S.
Gorman, Eugene
Goodyear, Chas. W.
Goasin, F. A.
Hill, Jno. W. (2)
Hannan, Richard
Harrison, W. B.
Howard, Charley
Hateley, J. H.
Hazeltine, D.
Halpin, Wm.
Harrison, Frank
Holloway, Edward
Hicks, H.
Hardy, E. P.
Hengler, Tom
Howson, J.
Lodgey, Harry
Lester, G. W.
Lackey, Chas.
Jeppo,
Jones, Albert
Kidder, Edward
Kline, L.
Kelley, J. H.
Lodgey, Geo.
Lingard, W. H.
Lee, Charlie
Lasnier, Wm.
Lallue, D.
Leake, W. H.
Mack, Joe H., Jr.,
Miner, Harry
McDonald, Jas.
Marsh, G. H.
Melville, Chas.
Murray, Frank (2)
Menter, Edgar A.
Murphy, Jno. S.
Manning, Johnny
Mullaly, W. S.
Miran, Chas.
McEvoy, Chas.
Nugent, J. E.
Noyes, Frank
Oates, Jas. A.
Oughton, W. A.
O'Reardon, Mal.
Prescott, E.
Pierce, P. R.
Pierce, J. Harwood
Pandy, Johnny
Pastor, Tony
Plunkett, Chas.
Price, Edwin
Robinson, Yankee (3)
Rhodes, Dan (3)
Ruckman, Amos
Ryor, Geo.
Rich, Chas. H.
Rubini, Sig.
Rosston, F. H.
Robinson, Harry
Roberts, Prof.
Redmond, H.
Sherry, Jas. F.
Stetson, E.
Stone & Murray,
Sweet, O. P.
Scely, Chas.
Schell, Joseph
Sharpley, Sam
Smith, H. W. A.
Shappe, Samuel
Sands, Fred. C.
Sanyeah, Mons.
Sinclair, G. V.
Sherry, Jas.
Shaughnessy, N. W.
Sully, Tommy
Stevens, J. K.
Spencer, Albert
Shaw, Gus
Saunders, John
Spaulding, W. P. (2)
Slocum, Jr.
Shannon, T. H.
Stanwood, Harry
Sidman, Clark
Stone, H. F.
Tully, Pat
Thompson, C. H.
Townsend, E. D.
Ufner, Frank
Victorelli, H. (2)
Warhurst, Thos.
Whitcomb, A. J.
White, Chas. O.
Wood, Alf. Chas.
Washburn, E. S.
Winn, T.
Williams, Gus
White, Richard
Wheeler, Matt.
Wilson, Harry
Wheelock, J.

Songs for the People.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE THOMAS CAT.

Dedicated to Dan Bryant,

BY RENRAW.

There was once a cat named Nancy, sweet Nancy, dear Nancy,
And she took a terrible fancy
To a certain Thomas Tom cat.
One eve she out did sally, did sally, did sally
To a goal shed up the alley,
To have a social chat.
Chorus—Listen to the Thomas cat. (*M-e-o-w.*)
Listen to the Thomas cat. (*M-e-o-w.*)
Harken to the midnight serenader. (*M-eow-ow.*)
Listen, the Thomas cat. (*M-e-o-w.*)
Listen to the Thomas cat. (*Meow.*)

The fearless housetop promenader. (*Meow, fis-sti. Meow.*)

She reached the place of meeting, their meeting, their meeting,
But the sight that met her greeting
Made poor Nancy fret and whine.
On the roof of a neighboring house, a house, a house,
Was Thomas—her intended spouse—
Hugging another feline.
Chorus—Listen to the Thomas cat, &c.

When she found she was deserted, deserted, deserted,
And with her Tom had only flirted,
She plunged a claw in her side.
Then on the coal shed falling, a falling, a falling,
She set up a terrible squalling
And slowly poor Nancy died.
Chorus—Listen to the Thomas cat, &c.

When Tom saw how Nan had acted, had acted, had acted,
He almost went distracted,
And swallowed a paper full of tacks.
And young cats sitting a-mourning, in mourning, in mourning,
And at flirting bumped their backs.
Chorus—Listen to the Thomas cat, &c.

MORAL.

Young man if you love a maiden, a maiden, a maiden,
Be she poor or with wealth laden,
Why marry her at any rate.
And when Cupid's shaft has hurt her, has hurt her, has hurt her,
Don't, like a fool, go flirt her,
Remember the Thomas cat's sad fate.
Chorus—Listen to the Thomas cat, &c.

LOUISVILLE, June, 1870.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, July 25th, 1870.

THE PRESENT SUMMER, owing to the intense and continued heat, as well as to general depression in business and a consequent scarcity of money, has proved anything but remunerative to dramatic amusements, as may be judged from the fact that the majority of our theatres and halls have been obliged to close their doors rather than offer entertainments every one of which only entailed loss upon the managers. In former summer campaigns nearly all our places of indoor resort have managed to keep open during the heated term, coming out at the finish with a balance on the right side; but the present season is a disastrous exception. In other cities the same state of affairs exists, very few places being able to stem the current which set in so early against dramatic and kindred amusements, three-fourths of them at least being obliged to wilt under the scorching rays of a summer's sun. Traveling exhibitions have not done much better; many that started out with great expectations of plethoric returns, have been glad enough to get back, leaving their trunks and carpet bags behind them as souvenirs of good will toward "unfeeling landlords" and "rapacious railway officials." Newly fledged managers, whose great aim in life has been to "run a theatre," found it necessary to run themselves ere "the early village cock had thrice done salutation to the morn;" and so were crushed their fondest hopes at one fell swoop. Some of these traveling troupes remind us very much of the advance of a grand army when they start out, fully equipped, and provided with all the necessary paraphernalia to wage a ruthless war against the towns and villages that lie in the circuit of a well laid out campaign; and they remind us of that same valiant army when they have seen and felt the enemy, and are in search of a means of retreat which they had neglected to provide when starting out; each unfortunate high private in the dramatic *corps de armee* is left to shift for himself and make the best bargain he can with farmers and hotel keepers on the road for the necessary rations; some are scooped up by mercliess sutlers, who skin them of every little "article of vertu" they may be encumbered with in return for a bit of salt horse and hard tack, and so they struggle back to the place whence they emerged, looking sick and sore, and utterly disgusted with ambitious but impecunious managers, and vowing never again to be caught in such company. But the look ahead is brighter, and the coming fall may atone for the short comings of the summer. Grim visaged war has unsmoothed its wrinkled front, the pruning hook has been reconverted into a double edged sword, and while all Europe may be cutting and slashing away at each other, our quiet observers of the deadly struggle, may unconsciously "drop on" many a prize, and secure the trade which bloodshed and war's desolation may drive toward the asylum of the oppressed of every nation.....

A young actress, by her winning manners and charms of person, has made captive the susceptible heart of a telegraph operator. She calls him now her electric spark.....

"I do not think Perkins is a very charitable man," said a professional to us the other day. "Why so?" we inquired. "Why, you know that he makes plenty of money, yet, when I asked him for a contribution to the actor's fund he reluctantly went down into his trousers pocket and fished up a fifty cent stamp, which he gave me. Kinder mean, wasn't it?" "Why he surely has always manifested a good feeling for the profession." "That may be, but he don't feel much in his pocket for them."..... Feeling warm last week "Our Jim" borrowed a gun and started out for a day's shooting, yet, on his return, his colaborers made game of him because he failed to make game of any of the feathered tribe: in fact it is a question whether he shot at all; it is even hinted that he was seen at a base ball match the same day. Be this as it may, the following poem, which the lad handed us, would indicate that he must have experienced "one touch of nature," at least:—

A INSIDINT OF NACHER.

In the shady nooks of a kwiet wud,
In the embrace of nacher's sweat restorer,
A woodchuk sot in dreamy mud,
With her pors lade out afore her.

Swantly she rests on a mozzy log,
Lukin' the wery plekcher of kontent;
Hedeless of the hunter's bluddy dorg,
Wich wifs and smells her sent.

Her onist mug, it was so karm and gud;
Her dreamy lie is closed in pensive short.
She's a comfitable insect of the beestly mud,
Never thinkin' of a fucher state or mort.

That there brite dreme was her last—the chuck awoke.
Alars! her chans fur life ware werry slim.
She rosled down orf the log and never spoke,
When the hunter's gun went orf—cher-bim!

Thus she ware ded, and ded by wiolens,
With most her back part clerely blode awa;
Wile the grocel skuters, by pitty lorst to sene,
Chukt the chuck in his pockit and strode awa!

..... We are told that an American lady in Paris, a prominent patron of the drama, etc., recently paid $240 for a bonnet to wear to the races. She must be rather fast to travel at such a 2:40 gait..... The annual procession in honor of that bareback rider, Lady Godiva, was recently held in Coventry, England. It's a wonder that novelty has never been introduced here. It would take like wild-fire, and we don't believe it would be difficult to engage lovely damsels to personate the lady who had nothing to wear..... Some of our debilitated actors have gone to the springs to recuperate. A large number remain at home, likewise afflicted with the spring fever. ..... A case has been mentioned to us of a fanatic, who lately went three weeks without fasting. We have heard of many a *fast* man, but this one is decidedly *faster*..... A telegraphic correspondent, reading an advertisement in Le Guignons of a circus equestrienne, who "rides in the entry," wants to know if she is not competent to ride in the parlor..... It is said that Dan Bryant's Minstrel Hall, in Fourteenth street, is to be occupied next season by a variety troupe. Will the manager's Hart be in the right place when he gets there?..... Talking about minstrels, how did you ever notice that the majority of them came from the most humble walks in life? And it is a credit to many that they have worked their way to a high position in the world of amusements. The church has repeatedly entered cork for the purpose of securing members to build up their choirs; and the opera in this country owes much of its success to the aid rendered it by members of the minstrel persuasion who have been induced to renounce the black art and unite their fortunes with the lyric stage. We purpose, in this connection, to give the names of a number of prominent minstrels, managers and others, and the occupations they were engaged in when first they came upon the mimic stage:—

Cool Burgess, who claims to have received two hundred and fifty dollars per week, and expenses, this summer—the highest salary ever paid to a minstrel performer—was an escutcheon painter in Toronto, Canada.

J. C. Reeves (now Wm. Castle), the favorite tenor of the Caroline Richings and Parepa-Rosa English Opera Troupes), before entering the minstrel profession was a glider in New York. He is now one of the highest salaried members of the English lyric boards.

The Bryants, who attained a reputation second to none in the profession, were boys who were willing to turn their hands to any honest work, and were well known in the printing offices of Printing House Square. Dan not only became an artist in the minstrel ranks, but for a season or two held a prominent place as an Irish comedian on the legitimate boards.

Johnny Allen, manager and comedian, was formerly a butcher's apprentice in Newark, N. J.

Wm. Delehanty, one of the most successful song and dance men on the black boards, was errand boy in a store in Albany, N. Y.

Eugene, the well known *prima donna* burlesque artist, was clerk in a baker's store in Brooklyn.

Jos. Brandish, ballad singer in various troupes, last with Bryant's Minstrels, was mate of a vessel on the lakes.

Charley Pettengill, minstrel manager, in partnership with Johnny Allen, was a market boy, afterwards in the drum *corps* in Albany, N. Y.

David Wambold, one of the managers of the San Francisco Minstrels, and leading ballad singer in the minstrel profession, was formerly a butcher in Newark, N. J.

R. M. Hooley, manager of Hooley's Minstrels, and an influential and wealthy resident of Brooklyn, was a violinist in England.

Eph. Horn, the celebrated locomotive imitator and comedian, before taking up the profession of minstrelsy took up passengers in the stage of which he was chief engineer, in Philadelphia.

Jos Mack was clerk in a hat store in Albany, N. Y.

G. W. H. Griffin, middle man with Bryant's Minstrels, and author of a number of Ethiopian burlesques and sketches, was a machinist in Rochester and Boston.

Lew Benedict, manager and comedian, of Dupree and Benedict's Minstrels, was a butcher in Buffalo, N. Y.

Wm. Arlington, manager and comedian, used to strike while the iron was hot in the capacity of a blacksmith. He has made a far better strike since entering the minstrel arena.

Lon and Billy Morris, of the well known Morris Brothers' Minstrels, in Boston, were formerly coach "engineers" in Rochester, N. Y.

Jos Banks was property man at the Lyceum, Toronto, Canada.

Harry Dumpster, ballad singer, was an actor in Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. Herrman, one of the old stock of Christy's Minstrels, [illegible] was clerk in a [illegible] establishment in Canada.

Walter Bray was an actor in California.

Billy Emerson was a boy willing to do any honest work, in Baltimore.

Kollin Howard, *prima donna* burlesque artist, composer, etc., was a music teacher, then an actor, in New York.

Harry Lehr was a cigar maker in Baltimore, Md.

W. F. Sweatnam was formerly a clerk in Cincinnati, O.

J. S. Edwards was an actor in the south.

E. W. Prescott was a machinist in Rochester, N. Y.

Wm. Budworth was a carman in New York.

Lew Simmons, one of the proprietors of Simmons and Slocum's Opera House, now in course of construction in Philadelphia, was clerk in a country store.

O. P. Sweet was a butcher in Newark, N. J.

James Wambold was a butcher in Newark, N. J.

Jas. Rainer was a grocer in Lockport, N. Y.

Billy Manning, before coming upon the minstrel stage, occupied a front seat on a stage in Piqua, Ohio.

..... And this reminds us that *all* the world's a stage and the men and women, as Mister Shakespeare is reported to have said, merely players. Acting so we may point a moral by penning a few rhyming lines on

ABOUT A MINSTREL.

Some men o'erestimate their gifts; others disparage theirs:
Especially is this the case with singers and with players.
There's Jones, who thinks that he would like to change his occupation,
And says that with some minstrel band he'd like a situation;
He offers to sing *tenor* for them, and says he'll do it right,
If *ten or* eleven dollars they will pay him every night.

City Summary.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE the dramatic company has been dispensed with during the past week, and the entertainment has consisted entirely of *ballet*, commencing with one arranged by Mons. Ajax, entitled the "Nations," in which Miles. Roze, Lupo, Albertina and Mons. Ajax, together with a *corps de ballet*, appeared. At its conclusion Mons. Ajax and Mlle. Roze appeared in "Terpischorean Acrostatics." This portion of the programme remained unchanged during the week. "Giselle" was given on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and on Wednesday an original comic *ballet* in two acts, composed by Mme. Kalh Lanner, with new music by MM. Hansen and Strebinger, entitled "Hirka," as produced for the first time in this country. The *ballet* opens at a *fete* given in honor of the birthday of Henriette, daughter of a rich miller named Martin, with the young girls of the village offering her flowers. Stephen, a bashful youth, who is in love with Henriette, now timidly approaches and offers her a bouquet, which Father Martin observing, he orders Stephen immediately to depart, for he has promised the hand of his daughter to a rich, but exceedingly stupid person named Baboulin, but, at the earnest supplication of Henriette, Stephen is allowed to remain and participate in the festival. The expectant bridegroom, Baboulin, accompanied by a notary, now enters for the purpose of signing the marriage contract. He hastens to embrace his future father-in-law, Father Martin, who now introduces the affianced couple to the guests, and announces to them that the marriage contract will be immediately signed. Henriette refuses to sign, and supplicates her father to postpone the ceremony. Father Martin is inexorable, and in obedience to his orders Henriette seizes a pen and is affixing her signature as Hirka suddenly enters in the disguise of a sorceress, presumed to be invisible to all the guests. She waves her hand and the marriage contract suddenly disappears. Father Martin and Baboulin, enraged at this *contretemps*, enter the house in search of it, and the young people meantime amuse themselves with dancing. The sound of a tambourine is heard, and Hirka appears in the guise of a gipsey fortune-teller, and predicts for Henriette great good fortune in the event of her marriage with Stephen. She then commences a dance, in which Baboulin, who has re-entered, is forced to join, until he sinks exhausted. During this dance the guests have seated themselves at the tables, and Henriette invites the gipsey to be seated, to which Baboulin objects, as she would make the number of guests thirteen, which popular superstition considers a fatal number. He imperatively orders the gipsey to leave, but she laughs at his threats, which so incenses him that he attempts to reach her; but by the exercise of her fairy power the whole company is transfixed in statuesque positions, while the gipsey laughingly retires. A sudden thunder storm arouses them to consciousness, and all fly for shelter. Stephen, taking advantage of the confusion, appoints a meeting with Henriette at 8 o'clock. Father Martin scolds his daughter, orders her into the house and forbids Stephen to return, and he in despair at loss of his mistress, throws himself into the river, but, by order of Hirka, some attendant fairies bear Stephen in an unconscious condition to a subterranean fairy land. Henriette escapes from the house to keep her appointment, and, upon arriving at the trysting place, instead of Stephen she meets with an old woman, who conveys to her the intelligence that Stephen has thrown himself into the river. In her despair she is about to plunge into the river, when a sudden lethargy seizes upon her and she sinks into an unconscious state, in which she, likewise, is borne to the subterranean retreat, the domain of Hirka. Baboulin comes in much agitated, seeking Henriette, when, with stupid fear, he encounters the old woman, who asks alms. He furiously thrusts her aside, when suddenly, from every point at which he attempts to make his escape, he is beset by ugly women of hideous mien, who attempt to embrace him. Seeing no other escape from the mill, he jumps through a small window, is caught by the revolving wheel and thrown into the river, and is suddenly transported to Hirka's home beneath the waters. In the second act we find ourselves in fairy land, Stephen still reposing in his lethargy. Hirka appears in her true character and regards him with curiosity, and wishing to test his fidelity she commands the nymphs to use their endeavors to win his smiles. Stephen and Baboulin awake from their lethargy and regard each other with surprise. They endeavor to fly, but suddenly find themselves surrounded by beautiful ayrens, including Hirka herself. Stephen pays no attention to the nymphs and resists their advances, while Baboulin, charmed by their actions, endeavors unsuccessfully to embrace them. Hirka orders Stephen to seek Henriette among the nymphs, promising him that as soon as he finds her she shall be his. Guided by his strong love, he soon finds her, and Hirka unites them. Baboulin, thus punished for his perfidy, puts the best face upon the matter he is capable of, and wishes them happiness. Mme. Lanner assumed the character of Hirka; Henriette was impersonated by M'lle Bertha Lind; Baboulin by Mons. de Waldenburg, and Stephen by Mons. Francesco. The *ballet* embraced the following dances: *Introduction*, by Bertha Lind, *coryphees* and *corps de ballet*; *Pas de Boquet*, by Bertha Lind and Waldenburg; *Pas d'Agacerie*, by Kathi Lanner and Mons. Francesco; *Les Syrens*, by Kathi Lanner, Mlle. Gaugain, Schults, *coryphees* and *corps de ballet*; *Variasione*, by Kathi Lanner and a *Grand Adagio* by Kathi Lanner, Bertha Lind, Gaugain, Schults, MM. de Francesco, Waldenburg, *coryphees* and *corps de ballet*. The scene of the second act, the "Grotto of the Syrens," is entirely new, having been painted by Marston, and is one of the most beautiful and effective ever seen in this city. During the first act Mme. Lanner and the five principal ladies of the troupe favored the audience with some excellent music from instruments composed of blocks of wood laid upon straw, which were struck with cork attached to the ends of slender rods. The orchestra played an accompaniment. The Saturday *matinees* will be discontinued at this house during the engagement of the Viennoise Ballet Troupe. The business during the week has been good for the season of the year.

GEO. W. MARCELLUS, late of the Grand Opera House, this city, is engaged for the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for next season, we are informed.

THE FRENCH WRESTLERS, together with Mons. d'Atalie and M'lle. Angela, brought their engagement at Wood's Museum to a close on Saturday, July 23d. Considering the season of the year at which they appeared, their engagement may be pronounced successful. Their entertainment is novel, attractive and artistic. In addition to their performance, the dramatic company has appeared afternoon and evening in a farce entitled "A Terrible Tinker," and the Martinetti Troupe have appeared in the comic pantomime entitled "Mons. Dechalameau." In the Museum department, in addition to the usual curiosities, Admiral Dot and Little Luln have held levees during the week. For Monday, the 25th, an entire change in the style of performance is announced, and popular burlesque will again resume its sway. Miss Rosa Rand and Miss Alice Harrison will be added to the company.

THE WALLACE SISTERS, Agnes, Jennie, Minnie and Maud, are now in this city, re-organizing their company for the forthcoming season, which is not fully selected yet, but the following artists are to be a portion of the company:—Miss Ada Harcourt, Miss Sabrie Beadon, J. B. Buckley, J. H. Cassidy, leader, and Clark Sidmore pianist. Mr. Frank P. Dobson, the manager of the Wallace Sisters' Burlesque Troupe, who so successfully piloted them last season, is *charge de affaires* for the coming campaign, which he is now mapping out, and which, we understand, is to commence in Ohio.

W. J. FLORENCE has returned from Europe and appears much improved in health.

JOE MURPHY, the popular California comedian, commenced an engagement at the Theatre Comique on the 18th, and appeared during the week in Ethiopian eccentricities and as an Irish comedian. His songs, with banjo accompaniment, have been favorably received, but it was in his impersonation of the character of Pat McNoggerty, in the farce of "That Rascal Pat," that he made the greatest impression. He possesses dramatic ability of no mean order, and thoroughly identifies himself with the character. He has a good brogue, sings well and dances an Irish jig neatly. His acting is quiet and natural and all his effects are produced with apparent ease, and had he the opportunity of an appearance upon the boards of a regular theatre, where he could have good support and proper adjuncts, he would very likely achieve success. The other features of the week have consisted of a farce entitled "The Other Fellow," in which Johnny Hart, George H. Coes, J. C. Stewart, J. Myers and Miss Madeleine Hardy appeared; a clog dance, by Johnny Queen; an Irish jig, by the Schrotter Sisters; the farce of "The Roadside Inn," with George H. Coes, Johnny Queen, Johnny Hart and Madelaine Hardy in the cast; banjo solo and song, Troupes), before entering the minstrel profession was a by Billy West; a floral *divertissement* entitled "The Rose Rosses," by Josephine Lusuardi, Caroline Schrotter, Minnie Wiegel, Gabrielle Schrotter, and the following *coryphees*:—Ida Rivers, Carrie Haines, Hattie Engle, Millie Young, Lizzie Dark, Hattie Kelsey, Annie Dacy and Cora Lewis; the Gibble Gobble Family, by Coes, Hart and Stewar; G. W. Jester in his astonishing ventriloquial entertainment, and Johnny Queen and Billy West in "Southern Flirtations." On Monday, the 25th, a new spectacular *ballet*, entitled "The Warriors of the Sun," will be produced, in which M'lle Alexandria, the Olinetop Sisters, Rose Lucille, Fanny Lucille, Ida Greenfield and Emily Herbert will appear. Master Barney has been re-engaged, and will appear in his Dutch specialties.

AT WALLACK'S THEATRE fair audiences have attended through the week, which attests the popularity of Joseph E. Emmet, in his admirable personation of Fritz, the German emigrant. His songs and comicalities, introduced in the concert hall scene, have been nightly *encored*. The audiences are by no means Wallackian, but remind one forcibly of the Chatham and Bowery in their palmy days, and the play is eminently adapted to please that class. On Wednesday the customary *matinee* was not given. The piece will continue on the bills for a regular week, and until the commencement of the regular season. On the 16th Miss Lizzie Price withdrew from the company and Miss Annie Deland played her *role*.

NIBLO'S GARDEN is now in the possession of a large *corps* of upholsterers, painters, fresco artists, cleaners, &c., and is being thoroughly overhauled. A large scaffold has been erected in the parquet at a cost of some $3,500, to enable the fresco artists to decorate the dome. The entire walls of the theatre are to be freshly painted and frescoed, the seats re-covered and stuffed, new carpetings laid; in short, on its re-opening it is expected to present the appearance of a new theatre.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS for the month of June at the various places of amusement in this city are shown by the internal revenue returns to be as follows:—Central Park Garden, $10,224; Terrace Garden, $2,955; Old Bowery, $4,578; Theatre Comique, $10,857; Niblo's, $16,158; Tony Pastor's Opera House, $4,206; Grand Opera House, $23,736; New York Circus, $35,500; Wallack's, $18,884; Kelly and Leon's, $7,349; Olympic, $19,642; Booth's Theatre, $6,382; Fifth Avenue Theatre, $12,758.

THE SERENADERS commence their third week at San Francisco Hall this evening, on which occasion J. C. Cooper and W. Fields, song and dance men, Gen. Grant, Jr., the dwarf, and G. W. Rockefeller, the also singer, will appear with Bryant's Minstrels, entire change of programme will be offered, the principal features of which may be summed up as follows:—In the first part A. Basquin will sing "From Our Homes the Loved Ones are Fading," composed by Fred. Buckley; Cooper and Fields in their double clog dance; Gen. Grant, Jr., in his specialty, "Walking in the Starlight;" Swaine Buckley in his act "Music on the Brain;" a double song and dance called "Fanny Powells," by Cooper and Fields, and the burlesque opera, in three acts, of "Lucrezia Borgia," in which Miss Celia Barry will sing the title *role*. The business has been good during the past week.

W. H. LEAK arrived in town during the last week.

F. J. BANGS is engaged at Niblo's Garden to commence August 15th.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON contemplates starting during the coming season, and will be accompanied on his tour by John P. Smith, as business manager.

James Wambold was a butcher in Newark, N. J.

Jas. Rainer was a grocer in Lockport, N. Y.

Billy Manning, before coming upon the minstrel stage, occupied a front seat on a stage in Piqua, Ohio.

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AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE the dramatic company has been dispensed with during the past week, and the entertainment has consisted entirely of *ballet*, commencing with one arranged by Mons. Ajax, entitled the "Nations," in which Miles. Roze, Lupo, Albertina and Mons. Ajax, together with a *corps de ballet*, appeared. At its conclusion Mons. Ajax and Mlle. Roze appeared in "Terpischorean Acrostatics." This portion of the programme remained unchanged during the week. "Giselle" was given on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and on Wednesday an original comic *ballet* in two acts, composed by Mme. Kalh Lanner, with new music by MM. Hansen and Strebinger, entitled "Hirka," as produced for the first time in this country. The *ballet* opens at a *fete* given in honor of the birthday of Henriette, daughter of a rich miller named Martin, with the young girls of the village offering her flowers. Stephen, a bashful youth, who is in love with Henriette, now timidly approaches and offers her a bouquet, which Father Martin observing, he orders Stephen immediately to depart, for he has promised the hand of his daughter to a rich, but exceedingly stupid person named Baboulin, but, at the earnest supplication of Henriette, Stephen is allowed to remain and participate in the festival. The expectant bridegroom, Baboulin, accompanied by a notary, now enters for the purpose of signing the marriage contract. He hastens to embrace his future father-in-law, Father Martin, who now introduces the affianced couple to the guests, and announces to them that the marriage contract will be immediately signed. Henriette refuses to sign, and supplicates her father to postpone the ceremony. Father Martin is inexorable, and in obedience to his orders Henriette seizes a pen and is affixing her signature as Hirka suddenly enters in the disguise of a sorceress, presumed to be invisible to all the guests. She waves her hand and the marriage contract suddenly disappears. Father Martin and Baboulin, enraged at this *contretemps*, enter the house in search of it, and the young people meantime amuse themselves with dancing. The sound of a tambourine is heard, and Hirka appears in the guise of a gipsey fortune-teller, and predicts for Henriette great good fortune in the event of her marriage with Stephen. She then commences a dance, in which Baboulin, who has re-entered, is forced to join, until he sinks exhausted. During this dance the guests have seated themselves at the tables, and Henriette invites the gipsey to be seated, to which Baboulin objects, as she would make the number of guests thirteen, which popular superstition considers a fatal number. He imperatively orders the gipsey to leave, but she laughs at his threats, which so incenses him that he attempts to reach her; but by the exercise of her fairy power the whole company is transfixed in statuesque positions, while the gipsey laughingly retires. A sudden thunder storm arouses them to consciousness, and all fly for shelter. Stephen, taking advantage of the confusion, appoints a meeting with Henriette at 8 o'clock. Father Martin scolds his daughter, orders her into the house and forbids Stephen to return, and he in despair at loss of his mistress, throws himself into the river, but, by order of Hirka, some attendant fairies bear Stephen in an unconscious condition to a subterranean fairy land. Henriette escapes from the house to keep her appointment, and, upon arriving at the trysting place, instead of Stephen she meets with an old woman, who conveys to her the intelligence that Stephen has thrown himself into the river. In her despair she is about to plunge into the river, when a sudden lethargy seizes upon her and she sinks into an unconscious state, in which she, likewise, is borne to the subterranean retreat, the domain of Hirka. Baboulin comes in much agitated, seeking Henriette, when, with stupid fear, he encounters the old woman, who asks alms. He furiously thrusts her aside, when suddenly, from every point at which he attempts to make his escape, he is beset by ugly women of hideous mien, who attempt to embrace him. Seeing no other escape from the mill, he jumps through a small window, is caught by the revolving wheel and thrown into the river, and is suddenly transported to Hirka's home beneath the waters. In the second act we find ourselves in fairy land, Stephen still reposing in his lethargy. Hirka appears in her true character and regards him with curiosity, and wishing to test his fidelity she commands the nymphs to use their endeavors to win his smiles. Stephen and Baboulin awake from their lethargy and regard each other with surprise. They endeavor to fly, but suddenly find themselves surrounded by beautiful ayrens, including Hirka herself. Stephen pays no attention to the nymphs and resists their advances, while Baboulin, charmed by their actions, endeavors unsuccessfully to embrace them. Hirka orders Stephen to seek Henriette among the nymphs, promising him that as soon as he finds her she shall be his. Guided by his strong love, he soon finds her, and Hirka unites them. Baboulin, thus punished for his perfidy, puts the best face upon the matter he is capable of, and wishes them happiness. Mme. Lanner assumed the character of Hirka; Henriette was impersonated by M'lle Bertha Lind; Baboulin by Mons. de Waldenburg, and Stephen by Mons. Francesco. The *ballet* embraced the following dances: *Introduction*, by Bertha Lind, *coryphees* and *corps de ballet*; *Pas de Boquet*, by Bertha Lind and Waldenburg; *Pas d'Agacerie*, by Kathi Lanner and Mons. Francesco; *Les Syrens*, by Kathi Lanner, Mlle. Gaugain, Schults, *coryphees* and *corps de ballet*; *Variasione*, by Kathi Lanner and a *Grand Adagio* by Kathi Lanner, Bertha Lind, Gaugain, Schults, MM. de Francesco, Waldenburg, *coryphees* and *corps de ballet*. The scene of the second act, the "Grotto of the Syrens," is entirely new, having been painted by Marston, and is one of the most beautiful and effective ever seen in this city. During the first act Mme. Lanner and the five principal ladies of the troupe favored the audience with some excellent music from instruments composed of blocks of wood laid upon straw, which were struck with cork attached to the ends of slender rods. The orchestra played an accompaniment. The Saturday *matinees* will be discontinued at this house during the engagement of the Viennoise Ballet Troupe. The business during the week has been good for the season of the year.

GEO. W. MARCELLUS, late of the Grand Opera House, this city, is engaged for the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for next season, we are informed.

THE FRENCH WRESTLERS, together with Mons. d'Atalie and M'lle. Angela, brought their engagement at Wood's Museum to a close on Saturday, July 23d. Considering the season of the year at which they appeared, their engagement may be pronounced successful. Their entertainment is novel, attractive and artistic. In addition to their performance, the dramatic company has appeared afternoon and evening in a farce entitled "A Terrible Tinker," and the Martinetti Troupe have appeared in the comic pantomime entitled "Mons. Dechalameau." In the Museum department, in addition to the usual curiosities, Admiral Dot and Little Luln have held levees during the week. For Monday, the 25th, an entire change in the style of performance is announced, and popular burlesque will again resume its sway. Miss Rosa Rand and Miss Alice Harrison will be added to the company.

THE WALLACE SISTERS, Agnes, Jennie, Minnie and Maud, are now in this city, re-organizing their company for the forthcoming season, which is not fully selected yet, but the following artists are to be a portion of the company:—Miss Ada Harcourt, Miss Sabrie Beadon, J. B. Buckley, J. H. Cassidy, leader, and Clark Sidmore pianist. Mr. Frank P. Dobson, the manager of the Wallace Sisters' Burlesque Troupe, who so successfully piloted them last season, is *charge de affaires* for the coming campaign, which he is now mapping out, and which, we understand, is to commence in Ohio.

W. J. FLORENCE has returned from Europe and appears much improved in health.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO we have the following advices from "Sir Toby," dated July 16th:—"'Mosquito,' the drama credited as being the offspring of Dumas *pere*, and unfortunately owned by Miss Lydia Thompson, was produced at the California Theatre, on the 13th, to a crowded house. According to temperament, say, rather, intelligence, it excited the risibilities, or held in gaping awe an audience, by the flashing of steel, masquerading, plot and counterplot, all ending by virtue triumphant, and vice summarily slaughtered or repentant. From accounts of the plot and synopsis of incidents published on the original production at Niblo's, we should judge the play leading business with the troupe for one year. Ville Edouin, late of the California Theatre, is engaged for the same time, joining the party at Boston. ..... The regular season closed at Maguire's Opera House on the 10th, on the occasion of the last performance of the Hondes and benefit to Harry Beckett. Engagements with the leading talent of the dramatic company expired on the 16th, no announcement is made of renewals, nor is it known that any appear on new engagements to commence when new faces, if any, appear on the next engagement. Mrs. Charles Poole, a favorite actress in a certain line, who for many years has been an old standby on the Pacific stage, was the recipient of a complimentary testimonial on the 14th, as a parting token and farewell before her departure for the eastern states, which are to be visited professionally. Maguire placed the theatre at the disposal of the *beneficiaire*, a host of talent volunteered and the whole affair was of an entertaining and multifarious character. Among the volunteers were Hall, Belle Howitt and Marie Longmore, of the Lydia Thompson Troupe; and Marie Longmore, Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., Jas. Carden, Jone Starke, Minnie Walton and lots of others. The performance commenced with 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady,' followed by a batch of operatic selections, recitals, &c., then came 'Dreams of Delusion,' which was succeeded by another instalment of singing and recitation, and by the farce of 'My Turn Next,' in which a California Theatre cast, which finally brought down the green curtain. The next dramatic season commences in about a fortnight, with Daly's 'Fernande,' with James Cathcart and Miss Lizzie Price in the leading *roles*..... The Metropolitan Theatre, long dark and deserted, under a new *regime*, lighted up on the 9th, and was crowded by a demonstrative audience to see Miss Leo Hudson as the first Mazeppa in this city since Menken, of the faultless form

and Brandisi, and the dancing of Little Mac, were all that could have been desired. The burlesque of 'Il True-Bad-Doer' was put on first and was followed afterwards by 'Lucretia Borgia.'"

Circuses.

DAN RICE'S SHOW exhibited at Cleveland, Ohio, July 21st, on the west side, and on the 22d and 23d on the east side.

BAILEY AND CO.'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibited at Augusta, Me., July 19th; Winthrop, 20th; Lewiston, 21st, and Norway, 22d.

J. M. FRENCH'S ORIENTAL CIRCUS AND EGYPTIAN CARAVAN is billed to appear at Montpelier, Vt., July 25th; Waterbury, 26th; Hyde Park, 27th; Cabot, 28th; St. Johnsbury, 29th; Lynden, 30th.

VAN AMBURGH AND CO.'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS exhibited at Milwaukee, Wis., July 21st and 22d, and goes hence to Watertown, 25th, and Madison, 27th. From here the company goes out of the state directly into Iowa.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS exhibited at Newport, Me., July 21st; Skowhegan, 22d; Waterville, 23d.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS LICENSE is now required in the State of Wisconsin, as will be seen by perusing the following copy of the act of the State Legislature:—"Every owner, manager or agent of any caravan, circus or menagerie, before he shall be allowed to exhibit the same in this state, shall procure a state license as a public showman, in the manner hereinbefore provided for hawkers and peddlars, and shall pay into the State Treasury therefor the sum of one hundred dollars."

GEORGE W. DE HAVEN'S CIRCUS exhibited in Evansville, Ind., July 18th.

WASHINGTON, D. C., writes our correspondent, has not been visited by a circus or menagerie this season.

OLDEN'S MUSEUM AND CIRCUS exhibited at Decatur, Ill., July 19th.

JOHN FOSTER, clown, and his family, can be engaged. Address as per advertisement.

O'CONNOR'S GREAT WESTERN CIRCUS exhibited at Leroy, Kansas, July 14th.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS will exhibit in Montreal, C. E., July 26th, 26th and 27th.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibited at Toledo, Ohio, July 19th. Mr. Charles Rivers has charge of the side show, containing the wild Australian children.

G. G. GRADY'S CIRCUS will appear in Merrisville, O., July 25th; Wappakonita, 26th; Sallner, 27th; Vanners, 28th; Dolphus, 29th; Lima, 30th.

J. T. JOHNSON & CO. exhibited at Osage Mission, Kansas, July 23d, and goes thence to Humboldt, the 25th; Canville, 26th; Chetopa, 27th, and Baxter Springs, 28th.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS will exhibit in Skowhegan, Me., July 27th.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S SHOW, on its route from Sherbrooke to Montreal, Canada, came near destruction at Victoria Bridge by the terrific tornado which recently swept over that country. The train emerged from Victoria Bridge, which is covered, about thirty seconds after the tornado swept by. So we are informed by a telegram signed F. L. Robinson.

THE GARDNER AND FOREPAUGH CIRCUS exhibited at Paterson, July 24th, and will be in Orange the 25th; Newark, 26th; Hudson City, 27th; Jersey City, 28th and 29th; Hoboken, 30th. S. S. Sanford, the special agent, writes us that "quite a serious accident befel the show on its route from Dover to Boonton, N. J. The horses attached to a four horse team became frightened and ran away, the king bolt became loose and the horses thus freed, ran over a precipice some fifty feet high, killing three outright, and maiming the other. One horse called the "General," well known among circus men and valued at about $1,500, was killed. Mr. W. S. Rice, the driver of the wagon, deserves great credit, as he held to the reins and was dragged, after the horses were separated from the team, to the edge of the precipice."

JAMES A. BAILEY'S CIRCUS will exhibit in Kansas City, Mo., on August 4th.

A LOT of circus property, scenery, Mazeppa runs, and other show paraphernalia, including canvas, is advertised for sale by Cunningham & Simons.

TOM BARRY, clown and lyric jester, whose address is in another column, can be engaged for the balance of the tenting season.

WM. NAYLOR, sensational hurdle rider, states, through an advertisement, that his horse has recovered from its lameness, and he is now prepared to accept engagements.

THE ORIENTAL CIRCUS close a fairly successful season at San Francisco, Cal., on the 16th inst. Charles Fish received a remunerative benefit on the 12th, tendered by many admirers, for his great proficiency as a bare back rider.

Miscellaneous.

EMILE GOROUX, dancing barrel performer and juggler, advertises that he can be engaged for two weeks or longer, during Aug. and Sept.

THE CARDIFF GIANT was on exhibition in Evansville, Md, for four days ending July 16th.

THE LEWIS BROTHERS, illusionists, performed at Eko, Nevada, July 18th, 19th and 20th, and proceeded thence to Hamilton, White Pine mines, Treasure City, Shermantown and Austin.

TOM MURPHY, the gymnast, gave two high rope ascensions at Meadville, Pa, July 21st. He is making arrangements to cross Niagara Falls during the month of August.

OLIVE LOGAN is amusing herself in California by "doing" the elephants of that state, she having visited the Yo Semite, the Geysers, the Chinese theatre, and other popular resorts of the *haut ton*. Miss Logan is now quietly wending her way eastward. She has not spoken in any of the smaller towns on the Pacific coast, we are informed, her only public appearances being in San Francisco and Sacramento. On her way home she will stop to speak in Denver, Colorado, and possibly in Chenne, Wyoming, but not elsewhere. She is expected to arrive in Denver about August 1st.

A. H. SMITH, side show solicitor, advertises that he can be engaged.

MYERS' OPERA HOUSE, Janesville, Wis., which has recently been completed, is furnished with stage fixtures and scenery, and will seat about nine hundred. Managers will find the agents' address in another column.

UNION HALL, Johnstown, Pa., well located and furnished with all necessary appurtenances for theatrical exhibitions, can be rented through the agent, whose card is among the advertisements.

PEDANTO, trapezist &c., can be addressed as per advertisement, or care of Lowell & Simmons.

C. H. HALL, advance agent, advertises that he can be engaged.

LIBERTY HALL, Lawrence, Kansas, will seat about one thousand persons and is furnished with scenery, etc. Agents are referred to the proprietor's card in another column.

THE METROPOLITAN HALL, Chicago, Ill., which has recently been remodeled and renovated, is advertised to rent for respectable entertainments.

INGERSOLL HALL, St. Paul, Minn., is advertised in another column.

AN OXY-CALCIUM LANTERN is wanted by D. F. Dunham, who advertises.

PROF. SYLVESTER, the illusionist, commences an engagement of six nights at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., July 24th, from there he goes to St. Louis for one week commencing August 1st.

JOHN A. STEVENS, late manager of the theatre at Vicksburg, Miss., recently gave Shakespearean readings with success at Holly Springs, Corinth and Columbus, Miss. He read on July 21st and 22d at Cairo, Ill.

THE SATSUMA JAPANESE TROUPE appeared at the Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., July 13th, and remained four nights. On Saturday evening little Ottommy Ketchi, "All Right," was presented with a gold medal bearing the inscription, "Presented to little Ottommy Ketchi by his Milwaukee Friends;" on the reverse side, "Music Hall, Milwaukee, July 16th, 1870."

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is reported by a correspondent as being one of the largest and best hall shows now traveling. He is visiting the towns and cities on the Hudson. The troupe consists of the Washburn Brothers, Willie and Leon; the Bensley Brothers; Henri Rixford; Jean Canfield, and Master Clarence, gymnasts; Mike Foley, Ethiopian comedian; Peasely and Fitzgerald, song and dance artists and statue clogists; Kitt Fish in Irish characters; the Indian Maiden, Necoskalesta, balladist; little Lillie Washburn, in parlor sketches and character songs, and a fine brass band of ten pieces, under the direction of James E. Fish, a young solo performer on the cornet, of eight summers.

HERMAN NESTROCK, theatrical shoemaker, 270 Bowery, N. Y., inserts his card in another column.

PROF. ABNER S. BRADY, manager of Brady's Curriculum, Jersey City, is prepared to negotiate with responsible parties to manage rinks or theatres, his lease of the Curriculum having expired.

CORINTHIAN HALL, Rochester, N. Y., is undergoing repairs and consequently closed for a brief period. The stage is to be enlarged and otherwise improved. The seats are to be newly upholstered and the walls repaired under the personal supervision of R. F. Fleming.

TONY PASTOR, Johnny Allen, Frank Kerns, Johnny Thompson and Sam S. Sanford, had quite a convivial meeting at Keyport, N. J., on Thursday, July 21st. They were hospitably entertained by the various landlords of the hotels, and gave an impromptu concert in the parlor of each hostelrie, terminating the revelry about one o'clock, A. M.

MAJ. BURNELL'S MUSEUM, at Pittsburgh, Pa., is now the only place of amusement open in that city and is doing a thriving business. In addition to the curiosities White Cloud, an Indian chief, and a troupe of Indians give performances day and evening.

MAJOR BURNELL, of the Pittsburgh Museum, has secured E. M. Worth, late of Wood's Museum, this city.

JAMES MACK informs managers in another column that in consequence of engagements offered in New York and vicinity his proposed tour to California is postponed. Managers desiring the services of himself and troupe for their exhibitions of assault at arms and Roman and Grecian statuary, will address as directed in the advertisement.

Amateur.

THE HISTORICS, of Albany, N. Y., have had dissension in their ranks which has caused the withdrawal of J. Grismer, H. B. Diamond and Miss Weidmann—the principal members of the company.

THE CORINNE DRAMATIC CLUB was organized July 16th, at the Opera House, Utah T. It consists of five ladies and ten gentlemen, and will now regularly proceed with rehearsals until sufficiently accomplished to give public entertainments.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

OF LONDON, ENGLAND, THEATRICALS we have advices as follows:—There have been few changes in the programmes since our last. At the Haymarket, Mrs. Scott Siddons commenced an engagement of six nights, July 11th, on five of which she was announced to play "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. E. Arnott, made his first appearance in London, and played Claude Melnotte. On the 18th a new play was announced entitled "Helen Vaughan," in which Miss Evelyn was to make her first appearance at this theatre.....To the list of theatres at which performances are suspended, must be added the Lyceum, the company having gone to the Standard..... There is no change to chronicle at the Adelphi, Queen's, Strand, Prince of Wales, St. James', Vaudeville or Gaiety theatres..... The spectacular extravaganza of "Undine," at the Olympic, has proved very attractive.....At the Britania "The Spectre of the Rea," "Ganeur," and "East Lynne" are the attractions that have been produced. On Wednesday, the 6th ult., Miss Carry Nelson received a benefit, when she appeared in the "Daughter of the Regiment.....At the new East London "Time and Tide" has been the principal novelty.....At the Gaiety Hermann Vezin has appeared in the "Courier of Lyons." "The Colleen Bawn," and other attractions was announced for the benefit of Mr. Gillett, and Mr. Manning at the Grecian Theatre on July 14th.....Miss Glyn sailed for New York on July 13th.....Mr. Wilton, stage manager of the Britania Theatre, was announced for a benefit on July 18th.....Mr. Sothern will take six weeks recreation in Devonshire and Cornwall, before commencing his provincial engagements.....Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan intend rusticating at Worcester.....Henry Lyron publishes in the *Era* of July 16th a card denying his intention to visit America.....Andrew Halliday is adapting Walter Scott's novel, "Kenilworth," for the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, which will take place about September 10th. Miss Heir has been engaged for Amy Robsart, and T. C. King for Varney. Oddly enough, it was with a burlesque on the same story, which was produced at the Strand, that Mr. Halliday started as a dramatist.

ANDREW LEONARD VOULLAIRE, better known in the theatrical world as A. V. Campbell, died July 2d at the Royal Dramatic College, Woking, Eng. He was born in London September 29th, 1795, and although originally intended for the church, the intention was abandoned upon the offer of a situation of a more tempting nature, and in the year 1805 he received an appointment in one of the public offices at Somerset House. In 1808 he made his first bow to an audience at the Rose Farrell Theatre, afterwards called the Adelphi, in the Strand, when he took the name of Campbell, which he retained throughout his professional career. He shortly after exchanged the lucrative employment of a government clerk for a commission in the army, in which capacity he passed some time upon the continent. On Easter, 1814, he made his first appearance at Sadlers Wells Theatre, where he continued no less a period than twenty-four years. His first character was Osmon in the "Two Caliphs." After leaving Sadler's Wells he was engaged at Astley's, from there he went to the City of London Theatre, thence to the Royal Grecian Saloon as acting manager, where he remained until R. O. Conquest took possession in 1851. After that he had no regular engagement; writing dramas, giving readings, etc., he continued to support his family, till at length he was elected a pensioner in the Royal Dramatic College at Woking, 1859, aged 72, where he remained till his death on Saturday, July 2d, in his eighty-first year.

MR. ALBERY, the principal author of "Two Roses," is engaged in writing a new piece for the Vandevills.

EDWARD ROBSON is announced to shortly appear at one of the theatres in London.

HOWARD PAUL made an offer of 5,000 guineas to the executors of the late Charles Dickens, for the collection of pictures and objects of art advertised for sale on July 19th. He was of opinion that the collection could be profitably exhibited in the United States. In a letter to a contemporary Mr. Paul further agreed, in the event of the executors accepting his offer, to retain the collection for a period of ten years, and at the end of that time to present it to the South Kensington Museum.

MRS. W. H. COATES died suddenly on the night of July 3d. She was well known in the provinces as an actress of ability. On the evening of July 2d, she performed in the last piece in Mr. Stoddart's theatre, in Lancaster, Eng., after which she retired to rest with her husband, and was found dead by his side when he awoke in the morning. Mrs. Coates was sixty-five years of age, and leaves, besides Mr. Coates, a son and daughter to mourn her loss.

GARDINER CORRI commenced a twelve nights' engagement at the Ulster Theatre, Bedford, Ireland, on July 4th.

T. H. GLENNY commenced an engagement at the Opera House, Bolton, Eng., July 4th.

BRANDON ELLIS re-opened the theatre at Cardiff, Eng., on July 4th, when he produced a drama by himself, entitled the "Black Crook; or, The Shelter of the Cross."

VIOLET CAMPBELL played Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet," at the Theatre Royal, Coventry, Eng., on July 8th.

CHARLES COOK, late of the Edinburgh, Scotland, theatres, opened the Victoria Theatre, in Douglas, Isle of Man, Eng., with a good company, on July 4th.

AT EDINBURGH, Scotland, "Formosa" was withdrawn on July 2d, from the stage of the Theatre Royal, and on the 4th the burlesque of "Paris" was produced.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT," with new scenery, was produced at the Royal Princess' Theatre, Edinburgh, Scotland, July 9th.

SUSAN DENIN closed an engagement at the Balmoral Theatre, Hawick, Eng., on July 2d.

A. L. TOOLE was announced to appear at the Theatre Royal, Hudderseild, Eng., July 11th.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Ipswich, Eng., re-opened July 11th under the management of Newbound and Edgar.

MISS MARRIOTT played "Jenie Deans" the greater part of the week ending July 9th, at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, Eng.

MLLE BEATRICE'S LONDON COMPANY, on July 6th, produced "Mary Stewart," at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY from the Haymarket, London, commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., July 4th.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE OWENS' COMPANY, from the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, have played during the week ending July 9th, at the Royal Amphitheatre, Manchester, Eng.

MLLE NILSSON sang for the first time this season at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, Eng., on the afternoon of the 9th, in concert.

MADAME MONTGOMERY'S CONCERT in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, London, Eng., on the evening of the 5th ult, was well attended. She was assisted by M'lles C. and R. Doria, Miss Sydney, M'lle Beck, Mme. Beck, Mr. Steadman and Herr Deck, vocalists; Miss C. James, Sig. Scuderi, Mr. C. Lane, M. Albert and Herr Lehmeyer.

HERR STRAUSS has written a one-act opera, which, it is said, will be produced next autumn at Vienna.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL at Rome will consist of three concerts, to be given on September 11th, 12th and 13th, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. Herr Joachim will be the violinist, Charles Halle the pianist, Joachim and MM. Vogl and Schultze the vocalists.

HERR WAGNER'S Opera, the "Walkyrie," was produced at Munich, Bavaria, on June 26th. The first and third acts were received with applause, and the second act with applause, abundantly relieved with hisses. A love duett is spoken of much as the most remarkable piece in the opera, which is written "in an entirely new manner," being Herr Wagner's third or fourth.

KONTSKI, the famous Russian violinist, and his daughter Wanda, the pianist, have been visiting Europe before the Sultan of Persia, the father obtaining the honor of the cross of the Medjedie and the daughter the sum of ten thousand francs.

OFFENBACH'S "MARITIME" OPERETTA has been successfully floated at the Theatre Francais, at Havre, France. It is entitled "The Romance of the Rose."

MAX STRAKOSCH, the *American impresario*, is in Paris.

A STATE CONCERT was recently given at Buckingham Palace, Westminster, London, Eng., by command of the Queen, to which nearly 800 guests were invited. Christine Nilsson, Mlle. Lischart, Mme. Patey, Adeline Patti, Pauline Lucca, Mme. Monbelli, Signors Mario, Gardoni and Mr. Santley were the vocal artists, and the band and chorus numbered 160. W. G. Cusins was the conductor.

CHRISTINE NILSSON is said to receive £180 per night at Drury Lane, the largest sum paid to any lady since the days of Jenny Lind. Adelina Patti is said to recive £100 per night; Mongini, the tenor, eighty guineas.

M. NICOLINI has been tempted by the managers of the San Carlos, at Lisbon, to quit the Italian Opera House, in Paris, the terms offered the tenor being £3,200 for five months, and a benefit.

FROM SHANGHAE, China, we have the following communication from an American performer now traveling in that country, and one of the members of which will be printed on the San Francisco Minstrels, recently arrived there. In the troupe were Fred. Wilson, Geo. Edwards, John Edwards, H. Williams, Miss De Lancy and Little Minnie. The following is the letter:—

SHANGHAE, CHINA, June 7th, 1870.

FRIEND QUEEN.—I drop you a line from this part of the world. Here am I—as the clown in the circus so often says—I have been giving some shows here to not over crowded but paying houses; times are very dull in China just now and money rather tight, when amateurs give a performance the theatre is crowded with Shanghae fashion, but let talent of the best quality come here and the patronage will not pay them; therefore I advise professionals from home to give this place a wide berth.....The weather is getting hot and that is sure to stop all indoor amusements for the summer. .....There are several Chinese theatres here doing a fair business; and by the noise and laughter that nightly resounds in these places they must be good performers in their own line of business.....If the times here were better a good circus would pay, but nothing else; the Chinese like to see gymnastics or horse riding better than any other kind of performance. The little party given above whose names are in the programme, wish to be remembered to you.

Respectfully, CLITE.

Variety Halls.

VERY LITTLE CHANGE has occurred at the London, Eng., Music Halls. The Hanlons still remain the principal attraction at the Alhambra.....At the Royal (Holborn), some new features have just been introduced, one of the most pleasing of which is the representation by the Lupino Troupe, of a fairy comic pantomime sketch entitled the "Persian Belle and Swell." Two young ladies personate a damsel and her beau. A man appears as the maiden's father, and another presents himself as a droll baker, who makes love to the belle in an eccentric fashion. The whole troupe is said to be excellent. A tenor vocalist, Herbert Hailes, made his first appearance in London, at this house, on July 4th.....Mr. Woodman has just assumed the management of the Alexandra, in Union street, Borough, London. He will entirely remodel the building.

THE SISTERS HOWARD and their troupe of Can-can dancers were drawing large houses at the Shakespeare Hotel, Belfast, Ireland, July 9th.

MR. AND MRS. DALE BUTLER were added to the company, at the Spa Music Hall, Chesterfield, Eng., on July 4th.

ORNELIA FOWELL (serio-comic), a lady of color, made her appearance at the Britannia Music Hall, Coventry, Eng., on July 4th.

MR. MILANO is engaged at the *Teatro y Circo* in Madrid, Spain, to produce his celebrated *ballet*, entitled "The Spirit of the Deep," which achieved great success at the Alhambra, London, Eng.

M. F. STRANGE, director of the Alhambra, London, Eng., has leased the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, France, for a summer season.

J. H. MILBURN, who has gained considerable fame as a comic singer and dancer, is about to sail for America.

CLARENCE HOLT, the well known actor, will shortly appear in a new entertainment at the Metropolitan Music Hall, London, Eng.

SIGNOR WILLIAM BALLANTINE has written a letter, which has appeared in print in all the principal newspapers, in which he strongly recommends the passage of an act by Parliament, prohibiting perilous gymnastic exhibitions in the Music Halls. It has created considerable emotion among, and drawn forth lengthy rejoinders from, several prominent gymnasts, among whom may be mentioned the Hanlon Brothers and Niblo.

PROF. ANDERSON, magician, was at Victoria Hall, Belfast, Ireland, the week ending July 9th.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SLAVE TROUPE closed at Cork, Ireland, on July 9th. Sam Hague, the manager, had a benefit on July 8th, when people were turned from the doors, unable to obtain admission. The band of the 68th Light Infantry appeared on the occasion and Chas. B. Hicks made his first appearance as an end man—taking the tambourine end—and was favorably received.

THE ROYAL CARADYE MINSTRELS performed in the Exchange Assembly Rooms at Blackburn, Eng., July 2d and 4th.

BERNARD AND VESTRIS' CHRISTY MINSTRELS performed in Temperance Hall, at Bolton, Eng., during the week ending July 9th.

CHARLEY' CHRISTY MINSTRELS appeared at Keswick, Eng., July 4th, in Old Fellows' Hall.

THE MATTHEWS BROTHERS' ORIGINAL CHRISTY MINSTRELS opened at Spa Music Hall, Scarborough, Eng., July 5th.

Circuses.

HENGLER'S CIRCUS was at Bradford, Eng., July 4th and 5th.

QUAGLIANI'S CIRCUS is still located in Dublin, Ireland. The principal attraction for the week ending July 9th has been Therese Tourniaire, a graceful performer on the slack wire.

HUTCHINSON AND TAYLEGER'S OCEAN CIRCUS located itself in Gravesend, Eng., June 13th.

FISHER'S CIRCUS exhibited at Gravesend, Eng., July 1st.

COOKE'S CIRCUS exhibited at Hastings, Eng., the week ending July 9th.

POWELL, FOOTITT AND CLARKE'S CIRCUS, on July 4th, exhibited at Morpeth, Northumberland, Eng.

NEWSOM'S CIRCUS, on July 9th, was still located at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

HALL'S CIRCUS performed during the week ending July 9th at Oxford, Eng.

W. AND G. FRANKLIN'S CIRCUS exhibited on July 4th at Rainside, Eng.

ROSS AND CRANNEY'S CIRCUS opened a season at Scarborough, Eng., July 4th.

HOWES AND CRANNEY'S CIRCUS exhibited at Sheffield, Eng., June 27th and 28th.

PABLO FANQUE AND SADWELL'S CIRCUS opened a brief season on July 4th, at Warrington, Eng.

Miscellaneous.

A FRENCH DWARF, 30 years old, having a beard reaching to his feet, with only one arm and a completely bald head, possesses a fortune of $400,000, which he advertises he is willing to share with any twenty-four old lady, who is good tempered and pretty. He deems plenty of twenty-four olds would be glad to share the $400,000, but half a hundred in a bald headed, one armed, beard, is not a very marketable commodity.

DICKENS AS AN ACTOR.

Twenty-five years ago "Every Man in His Humor" was played at Miss Kelley's Theatre, now the "New Royalty," Soho, London, Eng., with Mr. Charles Dickens as Captain Bobadil, Mr. Mark Lemon as Brainworm, Mr. Frank Stone as Master Matthew, Mr. Frank Stone as Justice Clement, Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett as William, Mr. Douglas Jerrold as Master Stephen, Mr. Frederick Dickens as Edward Knowell, Mr. Alfred Dickens as Thomas Cash and Mr. Dudley Costello as Downright. All these are dead. Mr. John Foster, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold and Mr. Evans are the sole survivors of the men of letters whose brilliant amateur performance was the town's talk then; and now that the life and soul of the enterprise—the man of business, the stage manager, the ruling spirit—lies cold, men may well ask when we shall see such a conjunction of varied talent again. Charles Dickens was eminently dramatic in his gestures and his tastes. Some of his dearest and truest friends were actors, and from the time of Macready to that of Mr. Fechter, his chosen intimates included many of the chief lights of the British stage. As an amateur actor we are told he himself was unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Those who remember the performances on behalf of the Guild of Literature and Art; those given privately at Tavistock House (London) about a dozen years ago; and those held on behalf of the Douglas Jerrold memorial fund, know that the dramatic readings which took the world by storm of late years were the ripened fruit of a long and intense admiration for and leaning to the stage.

The most powerful and the most painful of Dickens' impersonations is, perhaps, Fagin, the Jew. Bill Sykes, the murderer and his victim, had their germ in the delineation of the lighthouse keeper, in the drama written by Mr. Wilkie Collins expressly for his friend, and some of the most competent judges have declared that the English stage lost an ornament, which would have revived its brightest days, by Charles Dickens succeeding as an author and making literature his profession. But Dickens' earnestness was such that he not only took upon his own shoulders the most arduous tasks connected with the amateur performances for charitable objects, with which he so often associated himself, but superintended the minutest detail, and often worked with his own hands to insure what he held to be the necessary effect. There are men living who remember his occupying himself for a whole day with hammer and nails on the stage of Miss Kelley's theatre, while it was matter for playful jocularity among brave spirits who have gone before, that Dickens had converted himself into an amateur check taker, and sat in the recesses of customs with Arbury Smith all day long at the Gallery of Illustration, when Mr. Jerrold performances were about to be given at his London house. Many of the days he devoted to the superintendence of stage effects. The only place at which there was a chance of seeing Dickens at this time, said his intimates, was on his amateur stage, and there absorbed in the subject of the hour, he would be found, resting one arm in the hand of the other, looking at the drops and cogitating upon the effect for the one coming night, or working like any scene shifter at the properties.

ATHLETIC AND STYLISH LADIES IN NEWPORT.—Miss Anna E. Dickinson is very fond of horseback riding, and has been on the avenue daily, galloping up and down the road on a fine horse, and practicing much attention. Her usual habit is a dark green cloth, but she is sometimes dressed in a very becoming velvet jacket, with black skirt and a low crowned silk hat. She rides alone, without even an attendant, as fashion prescribes. Kate Field can drive a pair of horses, as well as swim a half mile and row a boat all day. The water is her passion, and she is in it or on it a greater part of the time. She takes care of her boat herself and brings her oars ashore after each trip. Her boating costume is somewhat after the bloomer style, but is pretty and convenient. She rows, rain or shine, adding to her costume a water proof cloak in stormy weather. Ida Lewis has in her a rival and must look to her laurels, or Kate will out row her, for she skims over the water like a bird in her little blue craft. Mrs. James Brady's four in hand in out every afternoon, and it is the finest establishment seen so far. The horses are two blacks and two dapple greys; they are fleet, though powerfully built, and must weigh twelve or thirteen hundred. The harnesses are magnificent, eclipsing anything of the kind ever seen here. The carriage is an English drag, with a rumble, in which is a footman. On the box are two coachmen, and aside from these three outriders the vehicle holds five persons. Mrs. Paran Stevens has also a very showy turnout. Her horses are jet black, with gold mounted harness, and her carriage, a heavy phaeton, with yellow body and wheels. She drives the fiery animals herself, but carries a coachman in black and gold livery in the rumble in the rear. Mrs. Geo. Francis Train appears in a variety of vehicles, and Miss Susie drives a handsome two passon. Mrs. Belmont, Lawrence and other establishments are all monogrammed in the most conspicuous manner, and her liveries are of the most showy description.—*Boston Transcript.*

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue,
ANOTHER GREAT HIT.
LEGITIMATE TRIUMPH
of the wonderful Artist,
MADAME KATHI LANNER,
and her world renowned
VIENNOISE BALLET TROUPE,
pronounced by the entire press, without dissent, and the public generally, as the finest and most complete Terpsichorean organization
EVER WITNESSED IN AMERICA.
The new great Scenic Sensation, by Marston,
THE GROTTO OF THE SYRENS,
is acknowledged as the
ACME OF SCENIC GRANDEUR.
and has never been surpassed as a work of high art. The grand Comic Ballet Fantastique,
HIRKA
nightly received with enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. The great Ajax specialty,
THE NATIONS.
with its various beautiful characteristic dances of the different nationalities, commences this attractive programme
NIGHTLY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
NOTICE.—During Madame Lanner's engagement the Matinees will be discontinued.
Seats secured in advance at the Box office; also at Schirmer's, 701 Broadway, and Erie Railway Ticket office, corner Twenty-third street and Broadway. 17-1t

WALLACK'S THEATRE.
A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS.
THRONGS TURNED AWAY.
EMMET AS
FRITZ VON VANDERBLINKINSTOFFEN,
THE GERMAN EMIGRANT,
in CHARLES GAYLER'S triumphantly successful comic and sensational drama of
FRITZ,
OUR COUSIN GERMAN,
THE HIT OF THE SEASON!!!
EVERY SCENE RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM.
EVERY SONG AND DANCE ENCORED!!
EVERYBODY DELIGHTED!!!
The management take pleasure in announcing the repetition of this
CHARMING AND POWERFUL ATTRACTION
EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 1¾ P. M.
SEATS SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE. 17-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM
AND MANAGERIE.
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TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY, AT 2 AND 8 P. M.
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CELEBRATED PANTOMIMISTS,
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Monday, 25th, and every day and evening this week, the new burlesque extravaganza of MAST LYNNE, in which MR. E. LAMB, MISS ROSA RAND, MISS ALICE HARRISON, MISS T. WOOD, MR. T. W. KEENE, MR. JAMES BARNES, MR. ROONEY and MR. J. C. CHARLES will appear. To conclude with the new trick pantomime of the GOLDEN TEMPEST, characters by the greatest pantomimists of the age, THE MARTINETTI TROUPE. On view at all times the largest collection of curiosities in the world. A Menagerie of Living Wild Animals; also the Internal Regions. 17-1t

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The great Hernandez Pantomime, entitled
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Hernandez playing on 17 different instruments in 8.
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20 NEW FACES. 20 OLD FAVORITES.
See the Programme. See the Programme.
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ANNIE KEMP BOWLER, Contralto.
MR. WM. CASTLE,
MR. BROOKHOUSE BOWLER,
MR. JOHN CHATTERSON, Tenors.
MR. EDWARD SEGUIN, Buffo.
MR. ALBERT LAWRENCE, Baritone.
MR. S. C. CAMPBELL,
MR. HENRI DRAYTON,
MR. ARTHUR HOWELL, Bassos.
This comprises the list of principal artists, and one to which the direction take great pride in inviting the public attention. The minor roles will be filled by competent persons, and with such a combination it is not hazardous to promise thoroughly excellent representations throughout the following extensive
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THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, OBERON, DER FREISCHUTZ, DON GIOVANNI, THE HUGUENOTS, MARTHA, BOHEMIAN GIRL, FRA DIAVOLO, ROSE OF CASTILLE, IL TROVATORE, LA TRAVIATA, NORMA, FAUST, CROWN DIAMONDS, MARIANA, NORTH STAR, POSTILLON, RIGOLETTO, DINORAH, MASKED BALL, LURLINE, ERNANI, ROBERT L' DIABLE, all of which, and several others, will be ready for presentation at the beginning of the season.
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TRIPLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
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Unceasing, extraordinary success of the new feature of introducing in the first part
FOUR GREAT COMEDIANS ON THE ENDS,
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TWO BONE PLAYERS AND TWO TAMBOURINISTS.
A feature never before attempted
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Here is a grand chance to make a
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COME! COME!! COME!!!
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Charley Hicks' stump speech is also most entertaining, the orator suceeding admirably in demonstrating the truth of the theory that language was instituted to conceal men's thoughts.—Cork Herald.
Hicks' Uncle Jasper was all that could be wished for by the large audience present.—Examiner, July 3d.
Hicks' Lawyer in the court was unapproachable, and elicited a recall.—Constitution.
Mr. Hicks has shown himself to be an excellent comedian, having a genuine appreciation of humor.—Cork Herald, July 7.
Charley Hicks as a Burlesque Orator has no equal in that line.—Irish Times, Dublin.
We have some hesitation in being personally critical where all acquitted themselves so well, but cannot refrain from mentioning the speech of Mr. Hicks, the new comedian, in terms of praise, it being a treat to hear.—News Letter, Dublin.
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having just returned from Europe, after a
SUCCESSFUL TOUR
OF TWO YEARS,
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FOR THE COMING SEASON
Address CHARLES AUSTIN,
16-2t* Camp Ground, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

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BANJOIST (also does a BIG DUTCH SONG AND DANCE),
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CARRIE THOMPSON, SARAH HARLAND,
G. F. KETCHUM, MAURICE DE SOLLA, E. H. CHAPMAN
and
HARRY BECKETT,
Stage Director of the Troupe,
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MOST GORGEOUS COSTUMES.

The following are a few of the extracts selected from many hundreds published in the California journals:—
THE BRITISH BLONDES must have been greatly encouraged and elated by the spectacle at Maguire's Opera House last evening. It was packed full in every part, and they were received with oft repeated and tumultuous applause. There was a lively distribution of encores, and such a profusion of bouquets that the recipients seemed several times at a loss to know what to do with them, and tossed the tributes about with a recklessness that was quite amusing. The costumes of the principal artists were very brilliant. The scenery was quite good, and the moon's descent with "Diana" was very fine, as was also the closing tableau.—San Francisco Evening Bulletin, June 17, 1870.
THE BRITISH BLONDE BURLESQUE TROUPE were received with all the honors last night, a theatre crowded to its capacity and no end of enthusiasm, bouquets, baskets of flowers and recalls. When the curtain raised on "Luna" there was a hum of expectation until the representative of the "Chaste Goddess" came on, and then a storm of applause for the new star, Miss Rose Massey. She is beautiful, of symmetrical figure and has a graceful carriage, with the most lovely golden tresses. She was accepted at once as a favorite. She is as beautiful as a picture when the flood of light is thrown on her at the back of the stage, and she knows how to choose a graceful and picturesque attitude to best display her beauty. Miss Eliza Weatherby (another handsome blonde) as Endymion shared in the applause and received the larger number of bouquets for her singing. She has a nice voice and sings well. Miss Ada Harland as Cupid attracted a good deal of attention by her dancing and singing. She has a pleasant face and grew in favor with each scene of the burlesque. Mr. Harry Beckett, the low comedian of the troupe, made an immense hit as Actæon, and especially in his singing of little local allusions in the A B C song. Mr. G. F. Ketchum as Pan was hardly less successful than Mr. Beckett.—Daily Alta California, San Francisco, June 17, 1870.
THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE BLONDE BRIGADE, last night, drew a house so crowded that there was scarcely room to breathe. In every part of the theatre a dense crowd of anxious expectants were packed in as tight as the seats could hold them. The performance commenced with the farce of "To Oblige Benson," in which Mr. Harry Beckett proved at once his claim to be considered a first rate comedian. There is no discount on that. It is so, and we can with pleasure record his complete success. Miss Eliza Weatherby also played Mrs. Southdown with much spirit, and made her position sure with the audience. "Luna" was produced, Miss Weatherby appearing as Endymion, Miss Rose Massey as Diana, Miss Ada Harland as Cupid and Mr. Beckett as Actæon. The first named lady is a pretty, plump and lively body, with an enjoue manner and a pleasant voice. Miss Massey is a tall, exquisitely formed girl, possessing limbs of the most perfect symmetry. Her "Love among the Roses" was vehemently encored. Miss Harland is a capital dancer and very graceful. The great success of the evening was the series of nonsensical verses sung by the above named artists, which were rendered four times, each time producing a new set of verses, from the apparently inexhaustible repertoire of the performers. Much laughter and applause rewarded the performers during the evening for their exertions.—San Francisco Daily Morning Call, June 17th, 1870.
THE BRITISH BLONDE BURLESQUE BRIGADE, who came tripping on on Thursday evening, were warmly received by a large audience. To see them is to be startled, dazzled, fascinated, overcome with admiration. They are all "stars" in their peculiar line, and are as perfect in burlesque as the most ardent admirer of this style of performance could desire. They opened in a very amusing burlesque entitled "Luna." The blondes sing, dance and act superbly; their costumes are rich and gorgeous and the house has been crowded to overflowing. They will doubtless fill the Opera House for several weeks.—Golden City, San Francisco, June 19, 1870.
ON THURSDAY one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Maguire's Opera House congregated together to witness the opening performance of the far famed BRITISH BLONDES. The entertainment commenced with the farce, "To Oblige Benson," in which Miss Weatherby appeared as Mrs. Trotter Southdown, and Harry Beckett as Mr. Trotter Southdown. These two established themselves at once in the favor of the audience. Beckett is an excellent comedian and certain to become a great favorite. Miss Weatherby possesses a splendid figure and expressive countenance. The burlesque of "Luna" followed, introducing the whole blonde troupe; Miss Eliza Weatherby appeared as Endymion, and charmed the audience with her handsome person, fine singing and graceful dancing; Miss Ada Harland, as Cupid, led the troupe as a dancer, and received much applause for her performance. Miss Rose Massey appeared as Diana, goddess of hunting, and afterwards as Luna; Miss Massey is a strikingly handsome young girl; she is tall, graceful and well shaped. Mr. Harry Beckett, as Actæon made a great hit, more especially in a series of nonsensical but witty verses, in which well known local characters were touched off. Mr. Ketchum was scarcely less successful. The leaders of the troupe are excellent singers and accomplished actors. The second and third nights of the blondes were no less successful than the first. The Saturday matinee was densely crowded. At the express desire of many ladies there will be a grand "Luna" matinee on Wednesday afternoon.—Golden Era, San Francisco, June 19, 1870.
Regarding the burlesque of the period, we went to Maguire's, expecting great things and were blessed to exactly that extent. The new company is good. If Miss Eliza is a leader, better forced, or more graceful girl than Rose Massey anywhere around we are willing to hold a competitive examination and report on the subject. Ada Harland, who does Cupid, has a very nice face, and both sings and dances well. Eliza Weatherby (Endymion) is a pugnacious, jolly blonde, who carries all before her. Harry Beckett is undoubtedly a first rate low comedian and showed to advantage in the burlesque. G. F. Ketchum dressed and acted a very comical Pan. Maguire's burlesque season promises to be a decided success.—San Francisco News Letter, June 18, 1870.
THE BRITISH BLONDES, who made their debut before the San Francisco public at Maguire's Opera House, on Thursday evening, have taken the city by storm. Indisputable evidence of that fact was furnished by the enthusiastic demonstrations of pleasure which their performances have elicited from the densely crowded audiences that filled the theatre to overflowing the last two nights. Many persons on each evening were turned away on account of the want of room in any part of the auditorium to accommodate them. The dramatic attractions chosen by the blonde troupe to begin their irresistibly charming assault on our theatre going public are the comical "To Oblige Benson" and the burlesque of "Luna." The former piece serves to introduce the company, and places them on the very best terms with their auditors, preparing them to be captured en masse by the second part of the entertainment. The performances of last evening passed off with even more eclat than upon the opening night. A better comedian than Harry Beckett has never been seen on the stage of this city, and his equal in burlesque acting has never visited this coast. His confrere, Mr. Ketchum, is exceedingly comical, and is also a capital actor. Rose Massey, tall, graceful, exquisitely proportioned, Juno like in her style of beauty, who, as Luna, is transformed into a veritable Dido when the arrow of Cupid pierces her heart, again captivated the audience last evening. Her song and dance, "Love Among the Roses," achieved another triumph for the fair artiste. Miss Eliza Weatherby as the love lorn Endymion appears to excellent advantage, with her pleasing face, clear voice, distinct enunciation, finely developed form and winning manner. She was again the recipient of marked favors throughout the evening. Pretty, agile, scintillant Ada Harland, who dances like a fairy and sings beautifully, has become a special favorite. Miss Heathcote and the other members of the company are very efficient in their respective parts. The British Blondes are destined to prove popular favorites for a long season, if we may judge from the triumph they have already achieved.—San Francisco Figaro, June 18, 1870.
MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.—This popular theatre was crowded to suffocation last night (not an inch of room being unoccupied), when the famous British Blondes made their first appearance. The performance commenced with the farce of "To Oblige Benson," and in the character of Mr. Trotter Southdown Mr. Beckett at once proved to the audience that he was the very best low comedian who ever trod the boards of the San Francisco stage. The admirable manner in which he made all his points, the play of his features, and the expression he threw into his utterance, all betokened the finished artist. Mr. Beckett's fun is infectious; it sets the whole audience in a roar. Miss Eliza Weatherby looked charming in the character of Mrs. Trotter Southdown, and played it in an unaffected, natural manner, which pleased every one. The audience, put in a thorough good humor by the farce, waited patiently during the short interval which elapsed between its conclusion and the rising of the curtain on the first scene of the burlesque of "Luna." Miss Massey not only looks pretty but is a good burlesque actress, reading with thoroughly correct emphasis and very pleasing accent, and sings charmingly. Eliza Weatherby as Endymion looked so very pretty that it seemed a shame that she should not have the moon or anything else she cried for; her singing, dancing and acting were deliciously piquant. Ada Harland is a delightful little Cupid, sings beautifully and dances bewitchingly. Connie Thompson makes a pretty Arethusa. Miss Kate Heathcote as Endeus, read, sang and acted well—but a carefully selected company of artists who all have talent and experience in their profession. G. F. Ketchum caused much amusement in the part of Pan. Maurice de Solla's fine voice was heard to advantage. E. H. Chapman was funny as the Doctor. We have not forgotten Harry Beckett, who throughout the piece seemed the spirit of mirth; he was very amusing throughout in the character of Actæon, and performed one of the most wonderfully ludicrous dances ever seen on any stage. The same entertainment will be presented to-night, and those who are not pleased with it must indeed be of that class whom it is impossible to please.
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